NEW YORK CLIPPER

AMERICAN SPORTING AND THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1865.

VOL. XIII.—No. 36. PRICE TEN CENTS.

BEL DEMONIO RAMPAGEOUS.

A DRAMATIC FRAGMENT, from an Original Manuscript, founded on the late Theatrical Duel—by the San Francisco *Mercury's* Playwright.

SCENE I.—The Green Room at the Opera House—Present, Messrs. MAGUIRE, BANDMANN, BONIFACE, Miss EMILY THORNE, and ladies and gentlemen of the company.

MANAGER.
My brain goes round, oppressed by weighty cares;
I move in one bright heaven of first class stars,
Yet though they hold existence by my nod,
And rank me in some sense a demi-god,
Their lustre pales my ineffectual fires;
Unhappy he who these show people hires.
Rolling in wealth, the idols of the day,
Willing but for the entire receipts to play.
They ride in carriages and suppers give,
While I, at some cheap restaurant forced to live,
Sleep in a garret, glad to find repose
E'en in such quarters from the daylight's woes.
[Enter Call Boy, with message.
How now, audacious! must thy clamors swell
The din that makes this mimic stage a hell.
Where all bad passions germinate. What's up?

CALL BOY.
A woman's up, sir—up three flights of stairs,
Where, if she does not see you straight, she swears
She'll sue for damages, or else take pizen.

MANAGER.
I've half a mind refuge to take the flies in,
There to make barricades, and with hot pitch
Defy assaults and die in the last ditch.

BANDMANN.
He sinks, he faints—bring in the *corps de ballet*;
The sight of them perchance his spirits may rally.

MANAGER.
Abate your toils—I'm haunted by Vestvali!
[Shows note.
Ladies and gentlemen, this seals our doom;
Henceforth our theatre's a living tomb,
In which young genius, emulous to soar,
Takes a back seat while humbug guards the door,
And on the regular drama wages furious war.

CALL BOY.
I'll say you'll come, sir—she'll take no denial,
Or by the scruff she'll drag you!

MANAGER.
Through this trial
Spirits of Shakespeare, Thalia and Melpomene
Preserve your votary one more *anno domini*.

BANDMANN.
All is not lost while courage leads the van;
Press forward; we'll sustain you to a man—

MISS THORNE.
And woman, too! In me Vestvali 'll find
One that knows how betimes to speak her mind.

MANAGER.
Thanks for this gen'rous sympathy; with these
To back my efforts I can feel at ease.
Bring our reserves and let them lie in wait;
To me the next half hour is big with fate.
[Drums and trumpet—Manager rushes off in desperation.

SCENE II.—Apartments of "VESTVALI, the Magnificent"—The farther end of the room occupied by a throne, surrounded by ladies of the ballet, dressed as courtiers—Also, physicians.—VESTVALI, attired as Bel Demonio, pacing to and fro!

VESTVALI.
My spirit chafes like an impatient steed;
Will he appear, or fail me in my need.
Volcanic fires rage within my breast.
Ne'er be it said Vestvali bowed her crest
To mortal man. What though a host oppose,
Well up in parts that everybody knows,
Hamlets and Shylocks, Othello and Jack Cade,
Accoutred thus, I'll meet them. Who's afraid!
[A hasty step heard without.
He comes, and seemingly he comes in wrath;
"He comes and desolation marks his path."
Stand all aside; alone I'll meet the shock,
And till I call aloud let no one knock.
[Exeunt all but Vestvali—Noise without—Maguire rushes in.

MANAGER.
Behold me here! Wert thou Calanthe, now,
And I, John Damon, I could tell thee how
Hundreds I'd trampled 'neath my horse's hoof,
Slain several steeds, made cabmen stand aloof,
In efforts to attain thy parlor stair.

VESTVALI.
Pray let me ask you, sir, to take——a chair!

MANAGER.
O! thanks—(I thought a glass of wine at least,)—
Well, ma'am, your pleasure; all my stars are waiting,
Whether they'll play their parts, or not, debating.

VESTVALI.
My pleasure is my pain; one hundred pages,
At least, I've writ, sides earning of my wages,
To set forth how my ruin thou hast wrought.
Behold these hollowed cheeks, this air distraught,
Dishevelled hair and eyes with weeping scorched,
These pallid lips, like those of one debauched,
List to this hectic cough, consumption's herald.
See these torn garments. Sure, he should be ferruled
Who to this pass would bring a dame like I.

MANAGER.
Madame, my time is precious—moments fly;
Pray state your case—this sloth doth much disgust us.

VESTVALI.
Sir, like Queen Katharine, I desire justice,
"And that you bend your pity on me; for
"I am a poor woman and a stranger,
"Born out of your dominions, having here
"No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance
"Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir!
"In what have I offended you? What cause
"Hath my behavior given to you displeasure,
"That thus you should proceed to put me off,
"And take your good grace from me?"

MANAGER.
Surely, never
Was man so tried before; yet if I must,
I'll give reply must humble you to dust.
If tendency to yield were not enough
To ills requiring quarts of doctors' stuff,
The claims outrageous you have made on me
Were surely quite enough to set me free;
Yet 'tis yourself have chose the bond to rend,
And sacrifice, perchance, a steadfast friend.

VESTVALI.
Demands? The trifle that I ask'd, I'm sure,
Were not enough to make my lessee poor.
[Reads from contract]
The house entire for every night I play;
Dinners and suppers furnished every day;
A coach and four, and footmen perched behind,
To ride in *a la Menken*, when I've the mind;
A benefit on every other night;
Jewels to throw to me at the footlight,
A present of a house and lot, and fees—
Believe me, sir, I am not hard to please;
And a few gems and diamonds thrown in—
'Twere not worth while for this to make a din.

MANAGER.
I gasp with wonder; Madame, have you done?

VESTVALI.
Nay, to say sooth, I have but half begun,
Yet I would fain be modest and stop there.
Comply, or, by the waterfall I wear,
Before the courts I will proclaim my wrongs,
And set the lawyers at ye, hammer and tongs.

MANAGER.
Fiend in shape of woman, rant your worst;
The courts arn't far, and I may get there first.

VESTVALI.
Now do I pant that vengeance may be mine.

MANAGER.
Don't let me stop you; *pants* are in your line.
But, ere you go to such extremes, beware!
I will pull out by th' roots your glossy hair,
Break every bone that's in your body pent,
Burn, roast, and eat them, make pudding of your heart,
Turn those bright eyes to lanterns, ere depart
From hence you shall, your contract unfulfilled.

VESTVALI.
I dare you to your worst! You'll find I am self-willed.

MANAGER.
Ha-r r! Say you so? Then by my beard, we'll see!
Come forth, my trusty steel—hi-u, ti-ee!
[He draws a tomahawk and chases her about—suddenly she stops and allows her hoops to fall!

VESTVALI.
Beware, dark gamester!
Around my form I spread the awful circle of my church;
Place but a foot its charm-ed bound within,
And, as sure as I'm a woman, you're gone in!

MANAGER.
I'll not be thwarted by a female thus;
Come on, my gallant supes—let's have a muss.
[Martial music—Enter army of supernumeraries.

VESTVALI.
Come forth, my corypheés—protect your mother;
He's had one muss, and let us have another.
[Enter chorus as Amazons.

MANAGER.
"For one or both of us, the time has come;
"Ho! flourish trumpets—sound alarum, drum!"

VESTVALI.
In vain; I said no *man* should conquer me.
[Enter Miss Emily Thorne in a full suit of armor.

MISS THORNE.
Your conqueror, yet no man, at last you see.

VESTVALI.
O, very well—sail in! lay on Maguire,
And damned be he that doth arouse my ire!
[Music and din of battle—The two armies close in deadly combat, when they are interrupted by a descent of the police, who carry both parties off prisoners, leaving the room littered with wigs, waterfalls, crinoline, artificial flowers, tomahawks and other evidences of the strife.

FOUND AT THE PLAY HOUSE:

OR,

The Discarded Wife.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

It is the height of the theatrical season in a western city. I am but a very humble member of the company, but that matters not—my story is not of myself. To relate it clearly, I must go back a few months, to the opening of the season. It was the first night of the season. I was hurrying home after the performance, alone, for I had but a short distance to go, when a hand was extended and a face lifted from the pavement in front of me; a face, the cold horror of whose dead whiteness froze the very blood in my veins, and a voice in a tone of thrilling entreaty wailed,—"for the love of God have pity upon me, and give me shelter but for this night." The words ceased, broken off by faint shuddering sobs, but I had heard enough. Let her—for it was a woman—be what she might, I could not resist that appeal, and on such a night! for the dark, overclouded sky and sighing wind gave token of an approaching storm. I was poor too—a woman dependent upon my small salary at the theatre for the means of subsistence—so poor, indeed, that it was sometimes with difficulty I could keep gaunt starvation from staring me in the face—yet I could not refuse to share my last crust with the helpless being who had appealed to me for protection. Hailing a passing carriage, I assisted her in, for I found she was utterly unable to walk, and we were soon driven to my humble home. With my last dollar I paid the driver and dismissed the carriage. Then hastily striking a light, I turned to look at the stranger. She lay just as we had placed her on the bed, and a chill passed over me as I thought, perhaps, she was dead. But as I approached her, she opened her eyes and made a feeble attempt to speak. I checked her, and bringing the few delicacies that my almost empty larder afforded, among which was happily a tiny drop of wine, I insisted on her eating, telling her that when she felt stronger she should talk. She obeyed my injunctions to the letter, looking the gratitude I would not allow her to express by words. Finally, with my hand clasped in hers, she fell asleep, and I knew by that sleep, calm and peaceful as an infant's, that whatever her misfortunes might have been, no crime had ever left its dark stain on that pure brow.

She was beautiful, very beautiful, and her dress, though soiled and torn, was rich and had been elegant. She was wealthy then. But how came she in the situation in which I had found her?—absolutely perishing from fatigue and hunger. It was more than I could fathom; so, tired out and sleepy with useless conjecture, I retired to rest, resolved to wait patiently until morning for an elucidation of the mystery.

It was late when I awoke with a start of surprise at seeing a stranger sitting by my side. But instantly I remembered all, and rising hastily I went to my household tasks, for I had no servant. She offered her assistance, which I accepted, and soon we sat down together to our frugal morning meal, as much sisters in feeling as though we had known each other all our lives. She was evidently a lady of cultivation and refinement, and sometimes I could scarcely believe that she was the same whom but a few hours before I had [illegible] was passing in my mind, and a grave sadness came in her manner.

"Yes, I am the same unhappy woman who implored a shelter last night," she said, answering my unspoken question.

"Tell me of yourself—your history—how you came to be in the condition in which I found you," said I.

"Alas! there is little to tell. Explain my present circumstances, I cannot."

"That is strange," I said coldly, the doubts that had at first arisen in my mind coming back with new force.

"I will tell you all I know," she said. "Two years ago I was married to a man whom I fondly deemed perfection itself. We adored each other. Yes, I believe that at that time he sincerely loved me. We lived very, very happy for a few months, when a maiden sister of my husband came to reside with us. From that time I date the decline of our domestic happiness. I felt, instinctively, from the first, that I was an object of dislike, of suspicion, to her; and too soon, alas, I became convinced that she had communicated her sentiments to my husband. At first coldness, avoidance, and suspicious watchfulness—then one day when I begged an explanation of his conduct, he openly accused me of infidelity—me, who had never wronged him even in thought—me, whose only crime was loving him too well—worshipping the creature more than the Creator. With those dreadful words seething through my brain, I went away quietly to my own room. How long I remained there I know not; I saw no one but the servant who brought my meals. I scarcely thought, unless a vain hope might be called thought, a vague hope that, perhaps, it was all a mistake and he would come to tell me so, perhaps to awaken me from what seemed a horrid nightmare. But, no. When I had resigned myself to utter, absolute despair in my unbroken solitude, he rushed into my room, and bidding me put on a street dress, with feverish haste he assisted me in arranging it, then leading me to the door he called me by a name which has burnt itself into my very heart. I was speechless with agonized shame, so I said not one word in my own defence, as he told me that my letters had been intercepted, that he knew all, and bidding me join my paramour, pushed me from the door and shut it in my face. For some moments I stood incapable of thought or motion, then I think a sort of frenzy seized me. I walked until I met a hackney coach—hailing it, I stepped in and ordered to be driven to the railroad depot. Arrived there I bought a ticket for this city, the terminus of the route. I arrived here yesterday evening and wandered about the streets until, overcome with fatigue and excitement, I sank down where you found me. At first I hoped for death, but as my excitement wore off the love of life came back to me; and you, my kind friend, know the rest."

"But the letters?" I asked.

"I know not what it meant. I had but one correspondent, an old schoolmate, and I never had written one word to her that I would not willingly have shown my husband."

"And your name," said I.

"Call me Eveline Morford."

I was not satisfied. I knew that was not her name, but I had no further time for conversation, as the business of the theatre demanded my presence. I invited her to accompany me; she consented, and we were soon on our way.

That morning one of the ladies of the company had been seized with sudden illness, and the manager asked me, as I entered, if I knew any one who could take the part, an unimportant one. Instantly I thought of my protege. My salary was scarcely adequate for my own support, so it was absolutely necessary that she should exert herself in some way. Telling him that I thought Mrs. Morford could perform the part, I gave him a slight sketch of the circumstances under which I found her. As I had supposed, he was interested, and readily consented to allow her to perform the part. I then gained her consent, the easier as the play was one with which she was familiar. The company were already engaged in rehearsal, so putting a copy of the play in her hands I took my stand beside the manager with more anxiety than I cared to confess, to see how she would acquit herself. But ere the rehearsal was over, all my fears of failure had vanished. She was a complete success. That night brought her hosts of friends. As may be supposed, she rose at once in her profession, and but a few weeks had passed when she was leading lady in the same theatre in which she had made her first appearance. But her triumphs were not confined to her profession. In society she enjoyed a position which is seldom accorded to an actress. Suitors without number knelt at her shrine. Men of wealth, talent and station sought her hand in marriage. But all in vain. Had her heart been marble she could not have been less impressible.

"Did they know me as I am, a rejected wife," she said, "they would turn from me in scorn, or worse, offer me a dishonorable love. I too having loved once, love forever. 'Tis true I have been scorned, my feelings made but a mockery, yet my heart is still true to its object. My husband has driven me from his home, but I shall go to my grave true to his memory."

A few weeks after this conversation, "The Stranger" was announced for representation, Mrs. Morford of course sustaining the character of Mrs. Haller. Her acting that night was, as usual, perfect. From my position during the evening I could see into the boxes on one side of the stage. Several times I had noticed a gentleman lean over and gaze at Mrs. Morford eagerly, yet doubtingly, as though not sure of her identity. At last, in the last act, just where the final separation is about to take place, my attention was equally divided between the actress on the stage and the gentleman in the box. Leaning eagerly forward, doubt seemed to merge into a glad certainty, when, with the exclamation "Thank God! found at last," he bounded upon the stage. The curtain fell and hid the scene. The manager made some hasty explanation to the audience, and the house was cleared, but not before a complete reconciliation had taken place between the long separated pair. The letters were forgeries, written by his sister to gratify her petty malice. The duped soon discovered his mistake, but under her assumed name could find no clue to the whereabouts of his lost wife, until he accidentally discovered her in the brilliant actress. Reader, my story is done.

WISHED TO BE IN THE BILL.—A bill was brought into the Irish House of Commons, "To cause the watchmen to sleep in the day time, in order that they may be wakeful at night." Whereupon Lord Nugent begged to be included in the bill, "as the gout left him no sleep day or night."

A STARTLING ADVETURE;

OR,

Good for Evil

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY JACK PERC.

DURING the year 1855 a break occurred in the banks of a canal in the northern part of the State of New York, and, in consequence thereof, the boats were compelled to stop for nearly ten days. Near the canal is situated a small village called B——, and on the outskirts of this village and immediately on the banks of the canal and facing a lock was a very wide two story frame building, in the front of which was a large glass show window (the panes of which were more or less dirty), flanked on one side by a narrow door. Over the door was nailed a weather beaten strip of board, which had once been painted white, and on which the word "Store" could barely be distinguished. In the interior of the store and near the window was a mean looking bar, over which was dispensed various villainous compounds of different hues, dignified with the titles of Rum, Brandy, Gin, &c. At the other end of the place, dry goods, groceries, boots, shoes, empty barrels and old iron were mingled in almost hopeless confusion, and all in a very filthy condition. The proprietor of the place was an Irishman named Thomas Healy. He was a very tall, raw-boned man, with huge features, terribly seamed and scarred by the small pox. In his youth he had been noted for his feats of strength and agility, and even now, although he had passed his fiftieth year, but few of the young men of the village cared to face him in a fair fight. Within twenty feet of the store stood a tumble-down stable, which also belonged to Healy. Owing to the break we have mentioned, a large number of boats had congregated just below the lock, and Healy was doing a thriving business with the boatmen.

One night, during the continuance of the break, two men were seated on a log which was lying in front of the stable we have mentioned. They were two rough looking specimens of humanity, with hard, sun-browned faces, and were dressed in a very careless manner. At the first glance they would be recognized as boatmen. They were conversing in low tones, and at the appearance of any casual passer-by, would instantly cease their conversation.

"I tell you, Bill," said one of them, "if we can get it through all right we needn't work again for a year."

"Are you sure it's there, though, Hank?"

"Sure! Damn it, man, don't I tell you that I saw him take it from behind that big molasses hogshead, that stands in the far corner of the store, last night? The roll of bills was as thick as my wrist, and there must be hundreds in it. I saw him count it and put it back again, and he thought no one was looking at him; but I was watching him through a crack in the shutter of the big window there."

"Yes, but we'll make a noise getting in," said Bill, "and you know Healy's an awful man when he's mad."

"You're afraid, you fool," growled Hank.

"No, I ain't afraid to try it," replied Bill, "if there is any chance of getting through with it; but they say that Healy always sleeps with a loaded revolver under his pillow."

"Pshaw! I'm as good a man as Healy ever was, and if I'm not, here's that which shall make us equal any day," said Hank, producing a pistol from under his coat.

"I didn't know you had that," said Bill. "How are we to get in? From the front of the house?"

"Of course not, you damn fool. There is a back window to the store, and the shutter is shaky."

"But the ground at the back of the house is much lower than the bank of the canal."

"Well, there's a ladder back there that we can put up against the back of the store and reach the window."

"All right, then, I'll help you; and now let's go in and have a drink," said Bill, and the two men rose and entered the store.

They had scarcely disappeared when the stable door was [illegible] moonlight. It was that of a girl about eighteen years of age, tall and ungainly in form, with long matted locks of red hair and a face browned with the sun and covered with freckles. The only garment she had upon her person was an old blue calico frock which reached just below her knees, exposing her bare legs and feet, the latter being covered with a crust of hardened mud. She was known throughout the village by the *sobriquet* of Red Mary, and was looked upon with terror and disgust by the female portion of the inhabitants. She had frequently fought with boys of her own age and invariably proved the victor in every such encounter. She had been taken from the poor house when a child, by Healy, and now she was a sort of servant in his house.

After she had emerged from the stable, Mary stood motionless for a moment, as if undecided what course to pursue, and then muttering in a thick, guttural tone, "I'll fix them fellows for this," she turned and quickly entered the store.

In the store all was riot and uproar. The place was dimly illuminated by two or three tallow candles stuck in bottles and old candlesticks, and every one of the inmates seemed to be trying to make the most noise he could. A party of half-drunken canalers were standing before the bar, greedily swallowing the liquid poison which was dealt out to them, at three cents a glass, by Mrs. Healy. Near the back of the store, and just beyond a door which opened into a room that Healy called his parlor, was placed a small pine table, at which Healy and three canalers were seated engaged in a game of "Forty-fives for dhrinks." Evidently luck was against Healy on this particular evening, for his face was flushed with rage and he poured forth a constant stream of oaths both loud and deep. He had just lost a game when Red Mary stepped up to him and said with a voice which trembled with fear—

"Mr. Healy, can I speak to you for a moment?"

"Go 'way from me, ye red headed divil, or I'll murder you," cried Healy, angrily.

"Only a moment," pleaded the girl.

"Get out, you slut," roared her master, rising from the table and striking her a blow in the face which sent her staggering against a barrel, and immediately after giving her a kick which tumbled her on her face.

The girl rose and limped from the store, and on gaining the open air, sat down on a stone and cried like a little child.

"They'll rob him to-night," she muttered through her tears. "Well, what do I care? Didn't he beat me when I came to warn him? What did I ever get from him but kicks and curses? I won't speak another word to him, not if it was to save him from ——" She stopped for a moment and then said—"Yes, I will, too, for they'll murder him if he wakes up. He's kind to me sometimes, too. Doesn't he give me enough to eat and drink, and clothes to wear, and didn't he take me out of the poor house? If he won't let me speak to him I'll watch and may be I'll get a chance to speak to the missus, and that will do just as well, for she'll tell him."

Mary sat quiet for some time, gazing up at the sky and then at the dark mass of trees which grew on the opposite side of the canal, and at last her chin sank in her breast and she fell into a deep slumber.

In a couple of hours the last of the canalers left the house, the shutters were put up at the window and door, and all became dark within. About half an hour afterwards the door of the store was opened and a woman appeared and called "Mary!" Receiving no answer, she went over to the sleeping girl and shook her violently. Mary woke up and gazed on her mistress with a stupefied air. "Come, wake up quick," said Mrs. Healy; "I can't stay here all night."

"I want to ——," said Mary.

"Never mind what you want," said the woman. "Come in right away. You'll have to sleep in the store any way you can to-night, for we have let one of the boys have your bed."

"Yes ma'am, but I wanted to tell you about ——," said Mary as she entered the store.

"Never mind that now," broke in her mistress. "Healy's dead drunk, and you know he's like a devil when he's that way. If he knew I had let you in he would be ready to kill me. You can tell me in the morning just as well as now," and Mrs. Healy entered the parlor, locking the door after her.

"She won't listen to me either. What shall I do? What shall I do?" cried the poor creature, wringing her hands in despair. All at once her face brightened, and muttering in a low, determined tone—"*I'll watch*," she sank down behind a hogshead near the back window, and her form became lost in the darkness.

An hour elapsed, and then there was a dull sound, as if something was being placed against the back of the building; then it seemed as if some one was fumbling with the shutter; there was a sharp snap, the shutter flew back, and a man's face appeared at the window. The girl did not stir. The man slowly raised the sash, and after listening for a moment, quietly entered the room; as he did so the head of a second man appeared above the window sill. "It's all right, Bill," whispered the first; "and now for ——." He could say no more, for at the instant the last word passed his lips a wild figure sprang from behind a hogshead, grasping a heavy iron bar. There was a dull sound as the bar came down on the man's head, and he sank to the floor, insensible. Bill instantly sprang through the window to his comrade's assistance, and, dodging a blow aimed at him by Mary, grasped the bar and tried to drag it from her. There was a fierce struggle for the possession of the weapon, and Bill soon found that he had to deal with one as strong as himself, and he did not dare to let go his hold, for he knew that if he did so, the next moment might be his last on earth. At last they fell to the floor, and Mary made the place resound with her cries for assistance.

Suddenly there was a sound of rushing footsteps, the door leading into the parlor was thrown open, and Healy appeared in the store with nothing on him but his pants and shirt. Although he was still laboring under the effects of his recent potations, he comprehended the situation of affairs at a single glance; dashing forward like an infuriated lion, he grasped Bill by the shoulders and broke his hold from the bar; then raising him from the floor as if he was an infant, he dashed him through the open window. There was a crushing, sickening sound as the body struck the earth below, and then all was silent.

"There's another one ——" said Mary.

"Where?" roared Healy, furiously; his blood was up, and he would have faced a dozen men.

"Under your feet," replied the girl.

Healy started back in astonishment, and on looking down perceived the man Hank lying in a pool of blood.

"You have saved my life, girl," said Healy, "for they would have found nothing here, and then they would have come to the bedroom to search for money, and they couldn't have got it without waking me, and then they would have murdered me and my wife to prevent being found out."

"You won't lick me again, sir, will you?" said Mary.

"No, my God! no!" said Healy.

"I hope not, sir. Hadn't we better see how the other one is?" said the girl.

They went outside the house and found the body lying under the window. Bill was dead, his neck having been broken by the fall.

On returning to the store they found Mrs. Healy in a terrible fright. The man Hank had recovered his consciousness, but was too weak to move. Mary kept guard over him all night, and in the morning Healy and one of the neighbors took him to jail at K——. About two months afterwards, Hank was tried, convicted and sentenced to the State Prison for ten years, while Mary was highly complimented by the Court for her bravery.

After the night of the burglary Mary was treated with the greatest consideration by Healy. He gave her handsome clothes, sent her to school, and in fact took as good care of her as if she had been his own child. At present she is the respected wife of a comfortable farmer in the vicinity of B——.

Mr. and Mrs. Healy are still living, and can be easily found by any one who enquires for them at B——.

TIM DUFF AND THE LEPRACHAUN.

BY JOHN BROUGHAM.

"If you coort a dainty maiden,
You may get nothing for your gains,
But if you catch a Leprachaun,*
Goold, it will reward your pains."

To the romantic and visionary, ever yearning for something beyond the dull tangible realities of every-day life, there is exceeding fascination in the brain revellings of Fairy. The components of Irish character render it peculiarly adapted to receive and cherish such impressions; while the thousand-and-one anecdotes of fairy agency, vouchsafed for in every case as being "Gospel truth," and related to the wondering youngsters by some old crone, stamps the traditions upon their minds, until they have become a portion of their very faith.

The Irish fairies are sufficiently numerous, and all as well classified, their positions assigned, and their duties defined by *super*-naturalists, as though they were actually among the things that be. The first in order, as well as in usefulness, are *the* fairies, *par excellence*, or, as they are usually denominated, "the good people." Their occupations are of the most multifarious dedescription, and here let me call attention to the extraordinary similarity to be found between the imaginings of the simple, unlettered peasants, and the sublimest theories of philosophy. Grave, book-learned men have demonstrated the principle of atomic vitality pervading the universe. The Irish bog-cutter renders the theory into practice, and gives the imagination locality; myriads of fairies, he is taught to believe, are incessantly engaged carrying on the business of universal nature. Troops of them are filching the perfume from the morning air, to feed therewith the opening blossoms; thousands of tiny atomies the while gently forcing the bud into existence; the warm sunbeams are scattered over the chilly earth, borne on fairy pinions; fairy-laden, too, the gentle rain is carried, drop by drop, plunging into the petals of the thirsty flower; the little messenger leaves his welcome load, then flies back to aid his brethren. Thus the whole course of Nature's being is supposed to be conducted by this invisible agency; apart from the philosophy of the matter, one must acknowledge that those bright creations contain within them the very soul of poetry.

There are various other individuals of the fairy genus—the one dearly loved immediately [illegible] visionary re-appearance of beautiful conception of all. My present intention is to illustrate the position in Fairy-dom, occupation and general characteristics of the Leprachaun. He is a fellow of no small importance, as, in addition to his regular trade, that of fairy shoemaker, he is the custodian of all hidden treasure, knows the whereabouts of every concealed hoard, and is, consequently, as much sought after as the gold itself. The tradition goes, that if you catch a Leprachaun, a fact not easily accomplished, as he must be taken when wide awake, for if you touch a sleeping Leprachaun, the penalty is to have your cattle bewitched, and your eldest child an *omadhaun* (Anglice idiot.) There is something chivalrous in that same respect for a sleeping antagonist.

However, a Leprachaun once in your power, you may keep him close prisoner until he reveals the place where treasure is concealed; but you must have your wits about you, or the cunning little rascal will be sure to cheat you. One thing is in your favor, he is bound to answer truly to every question.

Now, having introduced my subject, let me tell you what Tim Duff got by finding a Leprachaun.

When I first saw Tim, his appearance was certainly much more picturesque than elegant. His *tournure* could not be called metropolitan. He was supporting with his shoulder the side of a shebeen-house, called, with the usual conflicting combination, "The Duck and Griddle;" his hands were listlessly "put away," one in his untenanted breeches pocket, and the other in the breast of what, from its situation only, we must conclude to be his vest; his coat, a huge frieze—in the dog days, remember—fell negligently off from his brawny shoulders, discovering his "Irish"—I don't think I should be justified in appending "linen;" corduroy "smalls," patched at the knees with material so different from the original stuff, that it must have required considerable ingenuity to procure it; his thick woolen stockings were minus the entire feet, the deficiency being made up with straw, causing comfort in the wear, and a sort of sliding scale in the article of fit, as a straw or two more or less made all the difference. One of his stockings had slipped down from under the piece of twine which gartered it, but, with stoical indifference he let it take its course, justly imagining that if he pulled it up it would most likely fall down again; so there it lay, festooned in easy carelessness around a huge, muscular, and curiously-hairy calf. Leisurely and with Epicurean gusto, he smoked a *dhudieen*, or short pipe, black with service, and in dangerous proximity to his nose, which seemed to have turned itself up to get out of the way; singing between puffs, for his own immediate gratification, a self-laudatory song, the burden of which went to prove, beyond all manner of doubt, that he was a most extraordinary individual. Here it is:

THE SLASHIN' BLADE.—TOM'S DITTY.

Ora! thin—a—na—(A sort of bagpipe drone to begin with.)
You nice young maidens where-e'er you be,
Come gather round an' attind to me;
A sportin' offur I'm goin' to make,
It's the heart an' hand iv a rovin rake.
An' that's meself that's come to the fore;
Me age is twinty, an' a little more.
I won't owe much whin all me debts is paid,
An' I *am* accountid a slashin' blade.

Ora—thin-a—na—
The highest bidder shall have the prize,
The sweetest lips or the brightest eyes:
I'll go dirt chape to the twinties round,
But for each year afthur I'll have twinty pound.
I'm strong an' hearty, I'm sound win' an' limb,
I can fight an' wrasstle, too—dance, drink, and swim;
Make love, make hay, an' use both scythe an' spade,
An' the girls all say that I'm a slashin' blade.

Ora—thin-a—na—
Bid, my hearties, iv I'm to your taste,
I'll rise the market if yez don't make haste;
There's a young heart-breaker wid a rovin eye,
That I'd sell me sowl to, ive she'd only buy;
'Tis Molly Rooney is the girl I mane,
If she comes near me, why I'm bothered clane!
Oh! murthur' there, I've done, you've spil'd my thrade,
Do what you will wid your slashin blade!

The easy *nonchalance* of the ragamuffin, and the delicious indifference with which he seemed to regard all sublunary matters, attracted my attention, and urged me to make some inquiries about him.

"Barty," said I to "mine host," with whom I happened to be on terms of peculiar intimacy, for he knew the lurking places of the best trout in the stream, and could point out the lodging of a "big fish" with singular accuracy; added to which he had a "small thrifle" of whisky, that, between you and me, had never troubled the gauger's stick; and it wasn't a bit the worse for that; besides an uncommonly pretty—but never mind, that don't belong to *this* story. "Barty," said I, "who is that devil-may-care-looking genius outside?"

"I know who you mane widout lookin', sir," replied Barty, winking significantly; "that's a *karacthur*."

"A *karacthur!*"

"Divil a doubt of it. Why, shure, an' that's neither more nor less than Tim Duff himself," said Barty, with the air of a man who had just given a piece of astounding intelligence. Finding that I did not receive the announcement of the fact with the slightest appearance of awe, he continued, in a bless-your-ignorance sort of a tone—

"A-thin, don't you know Tim Duff?"

"I certainly have not that honor."

"Not Tim?"

"Not Tim!"

"Duff! that was ruinated horse and foot with too much good luck by a blaggard Leprachaun. The saints keep us, I didn't mane any offince!"

The anticipation of hearing a fairy adventure aroused me, and humbly confessing my ignorance both of Mr. Duff and his experience, I solicited an explanation.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said Barty, with what I thought was rather an interesting mixing up of circumstances, "I'll dhraw a half pint of potteen, *to begin wid*, and Tim shall tell you all about it himself."

Well, in due time the potteen came, and with it came the renowned Duff, when he gave me the following account of his lucky ruination:—

"You must know, sir, that about a matther ov five years ago, come next Michaelmas, there wasn't a tidyer boy nor meeself to be found in the county. I had an elegant farm, wid lashins an' leavins of everything; a hungry man niver entered my doors an' left with the same complaint. My rint was never asked for twice, an', be the same token, I could bate any spalpeen of me age at hurlin', kickin' foot-ball, drinkin' whiskey, thrashin' the flure wid a purty colleen in a jig, or thrashin' the sauce out ov an impident vagabone in a faction fight; an', to crown all, I was miles deep in love wid the bluest-eyed, sweetest-tongued, tinderest-hearted girl in the place. The heavens be her bed, she's in glory now. Lost, lost to me, an' me own doin', oh! Mary."

There was a slight pause in Tim's narrative. One big tear stood for an instant in each eye, and I began to tremble for his philosophy, when he suddenly seized the pewter measure, and as the tears, resolving themselves into two large drops, fell into it, took a terrible long pull at the fiery liquid, exclaiming, with an approving smack, as he set the vessel down—

"Well, any way, there's comfort in that."

Resuming his story, he proceeded;

"The fact of it was, sir, the divil a one ov me knew how happy I was at all, at all, until it was every bit gone; an' so you may aisily suppose that what was left didn't do me much good. You see I wasn't continted wid havin' enough, but I was always wantin' somethin' more; at last I had a stroke ov luck that made me fortune, and more be token, broke me completely at the same time. Envy, sir, and covetousness, them was my destruction. I couldn't see a betther farm than mine, but I longed for it. I never met a man betther off nor myself but I hated him for it; everlastinly turnin' an' twistin' and huntin' about in my own mind, to thry an' think of some way to make money in a hurry, thinkin', like poor fool as I was, that if I had plenty of riches I should never know a care. It *is foolish thinkin'* so sir, isn't it?"

"Very," I replied, with as sententious a shrug as I could produce; the mental conclusion to which I arrived being uninteresting to any one but myself.

"Well sir," continued he, "to make a long story short, one summer night as I was frettin myself to fiddle-strings about what was always uppermost in my mind, I fell asleep in a hurry, and was just as suddenly woke up again by the sound of a little tap! tap! an' a weeshy voice, a thrifle louder nor a cricket, singin' away merry as a taykittle. Hollo! what the puck is that, thinks I. I gave a side way squint out ov bed, and what do you suppose I saw? What but a Leprachaun atop ov the table, sittin' on a crust of bread, and leatherin' away upon a lapstone about the size of a barley corn. Oh, murther! what a bump my heart guv, right up agin the roof ov me mouth, when I saw him. There, right forninst me, was what I had so often longed for, or at least the means of gettin' it. His back was towards me, but I was afeard to breathe, lest the sound should start him off, for Leprachauns is mighty sharp at hearin'. Well, sir, as I was puzzlin' myself wid thinkin' how the divil I could manage to inveigle him, I seen him get up from his work, walk quietly across the table, and try to climb up the outside of a jug that had a spoonful of whiskey at the bottom. Bedad, it was as much as I could do to keep from burstin' out, to see the antics of him. He couldn't manage it at all. At last, what does the cunning little blaggard do, but he rowls a pitaty over to the side of the jug, and gets atop ov it.

You may have some idea of the weight of the ruffian, when I tell you that, though it was an uncommon soft pitaty, he didn't even make a dent in the skin.

He was elegantly fixed then; he could just lean over the top ov the jug, and dive his hat down to the bottom, an' then he began to bail it out, and drink like a hungry herrin'. Why, sir, he must have brought up each time as much as would stan' in the eye of a sorrowful flay.

Well, whether it was that the whiskey was above fairyproof, or that the pitaty slipped from under him, I don't know, but in he tumbled, body an' breeches, down to the bottom of the jug. The minute I [illegible] ha! you little ragamuffin, I have you," says I.

"Let me go," says he, "I'm smothering."

"Smother away," says I, "the devil a toe you stir until you tell me where to find a threasure."

"Is it a threasure you want?" says he.

"It just is, mister Leprachaun," says I.

"You shall have one," says he. "But only let me out. I'll be dhrowned here entirely."

"Will you promise me that you won't do the shabby thing," says I.

"Yes," says he. "But make haste, for I'm getting 'as drunk as a lord.'"

"Wid that, sir, knowin' that he couldn't go back ov his word, I put in my finger, the bowld Leprechaun made a horse of it, an' I fished him out. Poor fellow, he was very drunk, to be sure."

"Here's a pickle," says he, "for a dacint Leprachaun to be in."

"Sarves you right," says I. "What business had you to be stalein' a man's whiskey?"

"Thrue for you, Tim," says he. "Sperrits will be me ruin; av I don't take the pledge I'm a gone fairy."

"But come," says I. "About this threasure."

"Don't hurry," said he, "misfortunes come time enough."

"What do you mane by misfortune?" says I.

"You'll find out soon enough, if you must have this money," says he.

"Divil may care," says I.

"Well, then, Tim Duff," says he, "you haven't far to go; twelve feet from the kitchen door, dig twelve feet down, and find that which will make you rich—and *poor*."

"Thank you, long life to you." I looked round, an' he was gone; went off like a candle puff. The broad daylight flashed across my eyes, an' I was sitting up in bed starin' at nothin'. "Twelve feet down," says I. Now or never. So up I gets, takes a pickaxe and shovel, an' without sayin' a word to anybody, dug away for the bare life. After about an hour's work, seein' no signs of the threasure, I begun to think that it was dreaming I was all the time, when the pick struck something that guv a jink. Hurroo! thinks I, my fortune's made. With fresh will I shovelled away, and at last, by dint of tremendous exertion, rather than call any one to help me, I succeeded in gettin' a big earthen pot up to the surface, rolled it into the house, and, throwing myself into a chair, pantin' for breath, and the tears rowlin' down my cheeks, I looked at it for as good as an hour.

I *knew* it contained money, but I couldn't bring my mind to smash it open. Just like a cat, the hungrier she is the longer she plays with the mouse; at last I started up, got my shovel, and gave the pot a savage crack! bash! it flew into a thousand pieces, and out splashed a beautiful yellow shower of guineas. I'll never forget the shiver of delight the sound of thim guineas sent into my heart. The Leprachaun had redeemed his word, I was a rich man, but the remainder of his promise had yet to be fulfilled, and it was. The first calamity that befell me began upon the instant. In liftin' the tremendous weight, I twisted somethin' inside of me back, that has nearly driven me crazy ever since, and all the physic in the world can't put it straight again. Then I removed to a larger farm, where, not knowing the land as well as that I was used to all my life, crop after crop failed. But the crowning curse remains to be told; in the pride of my heart, and in the selfishness of increased means, I slighted her for whom I would have died before. I deserted; *killed* my Mary. No, no; it wasn't me that killed her, it was the gold—the accursed gold. Well, sir, after her death an unquenchable thirst came on me, drink! drink! I cared for nothing else, lived for nothing else. I needn't tell you how that swallows up everything. Worse luck followed bad, until at last the chair my mother nursed me in, *that her mother nursed her in*, was taken from my door by a grasping landlord. And I stood before a cold hearth, and an empty cupboard, a broken-hearted man! The world has been a desert to me ever since, but I have learnt to look on rain and sun with the same face.

* The Leprachaun is a kind of merry little low comedy fairy, represented as ranging from an inch to an inch and a half high, invariably dressed in old-fashioned costume. He is the fairies' shoemaker.

THE END OF A GAMBLER.—Among the innumerable anecdotes related of the ruin of persons at play, there is one worth relating, which refers to a Mr. Porter, a gentleman who, in the reign of Queen Anne, possessed one of the best estates in Northumberland, the whole of which he lost at hazard in twelve months. According to the story told of this madman—for we can call him nothing else—when he had just completed the loss of his last acre, at a gambling-house in London, and was proceeding down stairs to throw himself into a carriage to convey him home to his house in town, he resolved upon having one more throw to try to retrieve his losses, and immediately returned to the room where the play was going on. Nerved for the worst that might happen, he insisted that the person he had been playing with should give him one chance of recovery, or fight with him. His proposition was this: That his carriage and horses, trinkets and loose money in his pockets, his town house, plate and furniture—in short, all he had left in the world, should be valued in a lump at a certain sum, and be thrown at a single cast. No persuasion should prevail on him to depart from his purpose. He threw, and lost; then conducting the winner to the door, he told the coachman there was his master, and marched forth into the dark and dismal streets, without house or home, or any one creditable means of support. Thus beggared, he retired to an obscure lodging in a cheap part of the town, subsisting partly on charity, sometimes acting as a marker at a billiard table, and occasionally as a helper in a livery stable. In this miserable condition, with nakedness and famine staring him in the face, exposed to the taunts and insults of those whom he had once supported, he was recognized by an old friend, who gave him ten guineas to purchase necessaries. He expended five in procuring decent apparel, with the remaining five he repaired to a common gaming-house, and increased them to fifty; he then adjourned to one of the higher order of houses, sat down with former associates, and won £20,000. Returning the next night, he lost it all, was once more penniless, and after subsisting many years in abject penury, died a beggar in St. Giles.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1865.

To Correspondents.

MONTREAL PEDESTRIAN CLUB.—We have not room for the long communication which accompanies your question; we have given it a careful perusal, however, and give it as our judgment that you are fairly entitled to the cup; you fulfilled all the conditions specified in the constitution, and no one should attempt to deprive you of the honor on such a flimsy pretext as that set forth by some of your opponents.

QUERY, Bouckville, C. W.—1. We cannot tell you where to procure the work. 2. If you break a billiard ball, or tear the cloth in playing billiards, you must pay therefor. 3. A ball being in the pocket is "dead," and you cannot count by playing on it. The white ball would be "in hand" until your opponent had played.

B. M. P, Detroit.—There is no school in this or any other city for that purpose, except the theatre, or some retired actor who takes parties and prepares them for the stage. If you are determined to adopt the stage as a profession, your best course to pursue is to engage in some good established theatre, in a subordinate position, and work your way up.

CRIB, Philadelphia.—"1. A and B are playing cribbage. A plays a four, B a tray, A a deuce, then B an ace, for which B takes four holes. A says he is not entitled to them because he did not take his three. Who is right? 2. Is not one player entitled to all the holes the other forgets to take?"......1. B was right in taking four holes. 2. No.

PHILADELPHIA.—"Four gentlemen sit down to play a game of skin euchre for $1 per corner. The dealer having two to go, the gentleman on his left one to go, the gentleman opposite the dealer three to go. The gentleman on the dealer's right hand, having four to go, orders it up and becomes euchred. Who wins the money?"......It is divided by the parties going out.

F. G. S., Holyoke, Mass.—"At poker or bluff, A deals, B and C pass, and D. not having looked at his hand, goes blind. Is it a legitimate blind?"......No; the eldest hand *only* has the privilege of starting the blind, and cannot delegate the right to another player; but any player has the right to *see* the blind and run over it in his proper turn.

CLIPPERITE, Cincinnati.—1. We never heard of any one else by that name in the music hall business, but there is an elderly lady by the same name connected with the Philadelphia theatres. 2. The one you mention is the daughter of old Alexander. 3. She is the wife of Dan.

FRED, Cleveland.—"A and B are about to play a game of seven-up, they cut for deal. B cuts the seven spot of diamonds, and A the deuce. Now A claims the deals, and so does B. A claims it on the ground that the lowest cut has the deal. Which is right?"......A has the deal.

HERBERT.—1. The drama is supposed to represent Southern life as it was a number of years ago. 2. The lady was married to a gentleman named Barnes, connected with the press of this city, but they are not living together at present.

A. J. H., Buffalo.—1. The dealer should not deal three cards to each of the other players, and two to himself; if he commences to deal two, he must so continue to do to all alike. 2. Our opinion is, that no player can go alone where a partner assists.

W. W.—1. If you want songs of that kind you will have to buy them from parties who are now singing them, or else get some one to write some for you. 2. We cannot give you the history of a performer in this department.

TWO FRIENDS.—"At the recent city election, A, B, and C were running for office; a wager was made that A wouldn't have 25 majority. A had 2300 votes, B and C combined had 2600. Who wins the bet?"......A has a plurality of the votes polled, but not a majority, and the party betting he would have a majority loses.

DEXTER, Bound Brook, N. J.—There are no steel engravings of Dexter or Flora Temple published. A colored lithograph of the latter can be had of Currier & Ives, who are also about to issue one of Dexter shortly.

FRANK H. AND JOSEPH L., Snow Shoe, Pa.—Had you been attentive readers of the CLIPPER, you would have seen by Tom Sayers' biography in the last issue but one, that he never fought Tom King.

W. C., Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.—We cannot give you the exact number of houses in each city, but there are between two and three thousand *more* houses in Philadelphia than in New York.

THE DEAD BOXER.—The party who was inquiring for back numbers of the CLIPPER containing this story can obtain them by calling at this office.

L. O., Ottawa.—We have never given such letters, and should not like to break in upon our rule now, much as we may desire to accommodate you.

BUFFALO.—Your communications have arrived each week one day after going to press, and the items are too old to keep. Write on Saturday of each week.

C. F. K., Philadelphia.—We are not very well posted in that game, but our impression is, that the player who *first* counted 15, wins the game.

A. B., Providence, R. I.—We shall not decide your bet, but we will give an opinion that A is in the right, as I failed to count out five thousand dollars.

STAKEHOLDER.—If there was no fraud practised to induce the other party to wager his money, the man who "bet on a sure thing" wins, and you should hand him the stakes.

J. MCINTOSH, Reno Station, Pa.—John Frawley, of Cleveland, holds the Champion Billiard Cue of Ohio.

H. E. E., Hart Island.—The horse Captain McGowan did his twenty miles in harness.

P. D. C. L., Newport.—Books on that subject have been published and advertised in the CLIPPER.

OLD ABE, Chicago.—1. Probably Deerfoot. 2. Ephraim is in Boston.

DENVER, Denver City, Col.—Your items will be very acceptable. Draft received, and papers forwarded.

SQUAW.—You will find game fowl advertised for sale in each issue of the CLIPPER.

HICK'S HOSPITAL, Baltimore.—A flush at poker beats three of a kind.

C. FRANK FALLS, Mahony City.—Tom Hyer died June 26th, 1864, aged 45.

C. U. B.—Hank Mason is performing in some of the music halls in the country, but we cannot locate him just at present.

ALLEGHENY, Pittsburgh, Pa.—Yankee Sullivan was in his 40th year when he fought Morrissey.

M. J. S., Albany, N. Y.—Tom Hyer and Yankee Sullivan fought for the largest sum of money in this country, viz: $5,000 a side.

D. S. Y.—"Monte Cristo" was produced at the Broadway Theatre in January, 1849.

T. R.—We noticed the death of Mr. Weston in the CLIPPER of Nov. 18th.

H. L., Galt, C. W.—Dexter's fastest mile time is 2:18 1-5.

J. N. Y.—Pay no attention whatever to the certificates.

EADIX.—The lady is not married.

NOBBY.—Bob Travers was born in this country in 1832.

THE STREETS OF NEW YORK.

One great criterion of the energy and civilization of a nation is the manner and extent of its advertising. Our forefathers of even a generation or two back, in the simpleness of their imagination, knew only one species of advertisement—the excellence of their wares—but now if business men can succeed in passing off their wares on the unwary, it is principally through the media of different kinds of advertisements. We believe it is an axiom generally accepted, that whatever character a man's goods may possess, he must succeed in getting rid of them by course of judicious advertising. It matters not if his specific be for the cure of the cholic, or the revival of old clothes, for the renewal of life, or the alleviation of the pangs of death, it is sure to meet with a ready sale if made sufficiently notorious. Hundreds of instances can be adduced where men of enterprise have made rapid fortunes by a receipt for the making of blacking, or a nostrum for the concoction of pills, while in reality the chief agent in their success has been publicity. The way to make a fortune is to increase your business, and the way to increase your business is to advertise. We have all heard of the laughable anecdote of "the most distressful gentleman that ever yet was seen," who, being tired of his existence, and moreover having grown villainously lean in person, determined to ruin himself and then commit suicide. Casting about for the best means of sinking his money, he at last determined to spend it in the publication of his name and business. But lo! he gradually found that all his efforts were futile; the money came flowing in, and the occupation which this pursuit gave him acted so beneficially upon him that his fat abounded.

The streets of New York, as far as their mural literature is concerned, will have a greater significance to a stranger than even the sensation drama of that name. The "dead walls," as they are called, but which give fruitful example of life and prosperity, and a nation's wealth,—upon which the irrepressible Hostetter's Bitters, the everywhere present Holloway's Pills, and the Soaps and Cosmetics of Dr. Gouraud struggle for pre-eminence—upon which the sensation tales, the departing steamers, the bills of the play, the announcement of meetings, the last new book, the never failing corn extracter, the circus clown, job printers, and the great showman, Barnum, all appear together in inextricable confusion—these are of the most instructive.

Then think of the enormous piles of gold and greenbacks—which would infuse warmth into the heart of a miser—that appear in the windows of the exchange offices, of the busy clerks who can count thousands of dollars seemingly quicker than the eye can wink, of the occult recesses into which, when counted and labelled, they are thrust as though they were of no value. Think, too, of the gigantic speculations, evidences of which meet the eye at every turn; the never failing oil wells; the bogus petroleum companies; the last grand scheme for the "re-construction of the South," and of the troops of clerks, capitalists, and bar-room politicians who throng our great commercial avenues, and you will have food for reflection for a month.

But how about the itinerant life of New York—the chestnut vendor, the boot-black, the knife and purse dispenser, and those enterprising young monkeys who importune you to buy cigars at about half the amount at which the duty on manufactured tobacco is now fixed. What shall be said, too, of the "waffle manufacturer," the oyster soup merchant, of that wonderful organization, the city messenger, the ballad sellers, cake makers, newspaper venders, old book stand keepers, and all that. Truly the streets of New York afford a striking exemplification of the enterprise of all classes of this great metropolis, and in the minor occupations we have mentioned, there is wide field for reflection, showing as it does the various phases of the outside life of a nation.

THE DECADENCE OF THE PRIZE RING.

IT would seem that in sober truth "the palmy days of the ring" have gone forever. The days when noted pugilists were backed by men of position and responsibility, and the encounters of the ring were deemed worthy of public interest, were succeeded by a long period of inaction, during which the memorable encounter of Sayers and Heenan threw a temporary light, like a falling meteor, over the drooping fortunes of the ring. But alas! the flash was brilliant, but too brief. Since that time the good old custom has almost become obsolete, and now it is with the greatest difficulty in the world that a match can be made and honorably carried out. In England it is the same as in this country, and the principal sporting organs there have frequently threatened to cease to chronicle the doings of the "fancy" unless a change was made and more vitality introduced. It is thought by many that soon the newspapers will cease to give countenance to the pugilistic profession, unless its character becomes considerably improved, and the consequence will be that the Ring will degenerate into a fugitive calling, and that the profession of Spring, Cribb, Sayers, Hyer, and the Benicia Boy will ultimately fall into disuetude.

Now, what are the reasons for this great and deplorable change in the conduct of the ring? Unfortunately we must place the primary reason as the shifty conduct of pugilists themselves. The history of matches in the ring during the past three or four years has been almost an uninterrupted record of dreary *fiascos*, and it has been only seldom that a temporary success or a fair fight has raised the hope of the ultimate revival of the fortunes of the Ring. While pugilists themselves, therefore, lend themselves to artifice and hoaxing, they cannot expect that the public can accord to their encounters the interest or the confidence of yore. We do not wish to stigmatize the whole pugilistic profession as shifty and dishonorable—far from it. There have been undoubtedly, even of late, names upon which no suspicion has ever rested, and these have done honor to a manly sport; but there are undeniably black sheep, and while they are allowed prominence and opportunities of selling the public and their backers, the credit of the whole body must suffer. Another great reason why the Ring is declining is the fact that a large number of men get up bogus matches for the purpose of making money only, and with no intention of providing manly sport. And still another cause of the declination of the Prize Ring is the lawlessness of the roughs who are to be found at every ring side. These parties, who rob and maltreat passengers in railroad cars; who pillage and riot in the towns adjacent to the spot where the ropes and stakes are arranged for ring encounters; who bet their money to win by foul means, if necessary; whose language is not only profane but of the most disgusting and filthy character; these are the men, above all others, to whose influence the decline of the P. R. may be attributed. Now, if the Ring is ever again to occupy a place as a popular sport, pugilists must detach themselves from these fellows, and fight on their merits. Otherwise there is but one alternative, the gradual decline and ultimate extinction of Boxing as a manly art.

It has been suggested that, in view of the difficulty of getting off matches where large stakes are at issue, a Champion Belt should be subscribed for by those who take an interest in pugilism, that the Belt should be contended for under certain rules, and that no money stake be required from those who think proper to compete for it. This would not control outside betting, however, and the same mob who mean to "win, tie or wrangle," in every contest of the present day, would act precisely the same in a match for a Belt; they would put their money on their favorite, and they would then, as now, help him to win, if he could not win on his merits. When we shall have seen a ring encounter fairly decided on the merits of the men, when we shall have seen the pugilistic profession protect peaceable citizens from the assaults and robberies of the thieves and roughs who "hang on" at Prize Fights, when we shall have seen gentlemen who patronize the sports of the P. R. fairly and respectfully treated, and protected in their persons and property while witnessing a trial of the science of manual defence, then may we look for a revival of the palmy days of the Ring, and a renewal of public interest in manly encounters among pugilists. But until these reforms are brought about, until the law is respected, and decency, gentility, and order prevail in connection with fistic affairs, we can but look for the total extinction of the ...

INTERNATIONAL SCULLING MATCH.

KELLEY'S REPLY.

Some weeks ago we published a challenge from the American Champion Sculler, Jas. Hamill, to Harry Kelley, Champion Sculler of England. To make the matter perfectly plain, we republish Hamill's card:

"FRANK QUEEN:—I was much surprised to find by last week's CLIPPER that Mr. Kelley, the present champion sculler of England, had not answered my challenge to row him in this country; but has made me a proposition to row him over the course at London, allowing me only £50 for expenses, if I will make a match for £500. I do not think this a very liberal offer on his part. For fear he should think that his £50 is equal to my offer to him of 500 dollars, I will state my offer to him over again. I will row him two five mile races, on days following each other, if favorable weather, for £250 sterling; or 1,250 dollars in gold each race, or for more if he wishes it; and I will allow him £100 sterling, or 500 dollars in gold, to pay his expenses to this country. *I will also allow him the privilege of rowing at New York, Boston, Philadelphia or Pittsburgh, as he or his friends should select after visiting the different courses*, and guarantee him a fair day and a fair race. Should this offer fail to induce Mr. Kelley to come to this country, I will row him the same distances in England, that is, one five mile race straight, and one two and one-half miles to a stake-boat and return, for £250 each race, *he allowing me the privilege of choosing the course after visiting England*, and £100 for my expenses to go there. Should Mr. Kelley not agree to these terms, I will come to the conclusion that he does not want to row me. I would prefer to row in this country, as I think that our friends over the water should pluck up their spirits for once in an international affair. They need be under no apprehensions about their treatment here, as Pittsburghers are proverbial for their kindness and attention to strangers. Should he refuse to come to this country, I suppose I will have to go there to meet him, and all I ask is fair play, and the same terms I am willing to allow him. Yours respectfully, JAMES HAMILL."

Kelley has made a reply to this challenge, and we find it in the London *Sportsman* of Nov. 18th. Without wishing to influence Hamill in any way, we would remark that not only does Kelley decline to row Hamill in this country, but he does not accept the latter's offer, as made, to row in England. It will be seen from Hamill's card that, in agreeing to row the match in England, he, Hamill, stipulated that he should be allowed the privilege of choosing the course there. This, it will be seen, Kelly altogether ignores, and makes it an express condition, before he will row Hamill even on British waters, that "the race or races must come off over the English Championship Course, on the river Thames." This, to say the least of it, is an unfair condition. Kelly knows every course in England; he understands the currents of each, the usual condition of the waters of each, etc., while Hamill, on the contrary, knows nothing about them. In proposing to meet Kelly here, Hamill did not confine him to any named course, but offered him the privilege of selecting a course after his arrival here. Why could not Kelly have been equally liberal? Surely the advantages will be all in his favor no matter where the race takes place. We do not know what Hamill may have to say to Kelly's proposal, as he is at present in Pittsburgh; it is probable that an answer may be given in next week's CLIPPER, until which time we shall defer any further remark upon the subject. The following is Kelly's card in reply to Hamill.

"CHALLENGE.—Harry Kelly, of Putney, has read in the NEW YORK CLIPPER a challenge from James Hamill, which he so far accepts, as follows:—That Harry Kelly will row James Hamill five miles straight ahead on one day, and two miles and one half to a stake-boat and two miles and one half return on the following day, for £250 each race; or he will row Hamill five miles straight ahead only, or two miles and one half to a stake-boat and two miles and one half return, for £250. The race or races must come off over the English Championship Course, on the river Thames, between Putney and Barker's rails, and Kelly will allow Hamill £100 for his expenses of visiting this country. As a proof that Kelly is in earnest, he has already deposited £250 with the Editor of *The Sportsman*, to make a match on the above conditions. If this offer be not accepted, Kelly does not wish for more paper war, and he will not, therefore, take further notice of any future challenge emanating from Hamill."

The *Sportsman* acknowledges the receipt of the deposit named in Kelly's card.

"HYLTON HOUSE AND ITS INMATES," a novel by the author of the "Henpecked Husband," etc., and said to be full of lifelike pictures, is one of the latest works issued from the press of F. A. Brady. Price fifty cents.

A GYMNASIUM is in process of construction at Ottawa, C. W., for which a professional gymnast is wanted as superintendent, as will be seen by an advertisement in our ring department.

ROOME HOUSE, No. 630 Beach street, Philadelphia, of which George W. Atkins is proprietor, is one of the most popular resorts of the sporting fraternity of the Quaker City. When you want a good smoke or drink, call and see him.

A FAIR FENIAN FIT FOR FINANCIAL FAVORS.—There is trouble in the Fenian camp, and tribulation in the ranks of the people. The O'Mahony and the O'Killian, who so valiantly bearded the O'Raymond in his den, and wanted a "fite ony how," have come to grief, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate. It appears that there was much clashing between the "Senate" and the O'Mahoney, the former being desirous of husbanding their resources while the latter went in for a palatial head quarters at Union Square; then there was a difficulty about the Irish bonds, which somehow or other, turned out to be "light papers." The upshot of the whole matter was, that the Senate, at a meeting held on the 9th, expelled the O'Mahoney and his man O'Killian. Probably O'Mahoney may hold a meeting to-day himself, and expel the Senate. What then? With neither head nor tail, what will become of the Fenians and their cause? 'Twas ever thus—internal dissensions have always interfered with the revolutionary efforts of "ould Ireland."

HEENAN AND SAYERS.—Much has been said in England in regard to the allegation that John C. Heenan did not visit Sayers in his sickness, neither did he attend Tom's funeral." Heenan has made a reply, saying that not only did he call upon Sayers during his illness, but regularly sent him a supply of port wine; and that "the reason he did not call during the last few days of his life was that he had been so 'cut up' by Sayers altered appearance on a previous visit, that he could not bear to see the further ravages which disease had made on his old opponent."

Heenan, who is said to have been absent from London when the funeral of Sayers took place, is now doing biz. on the turf, "making books" on races, and all that "sawt o' thing, you know;" he seems to have given up the P. R. altogether, that is as far as fighting is concerned; he may do a little betting when anything important offers, but the Turf has more attractions for him at present than the Prize Ring.

THE PHELAN AND COLLENDER GUARD, the rank and file of which was recruited from among the *attaches* of the billiard table manufactory in Crosby street, of which the above named gentlemen are the proprietors, went on a target shooting expedition on Thanksgiving day, notwithstanding the exceedingly unpleasant weather. We saw them, headed by a full band, march down Printing House Square, near the CLIPPER office, and a fine body of men they appeared to be. They were also accompanied by the veteran cueist, Mr. Michael Phelan, and a large *corps* of invited guests. His son captained the third company. They had been presented with some very valuable prizes, among them a handsome gold watch, the gift of Mr. Phelan. We regret exceedingly our inability to have accompanied them, but sincerely hope they had a good time socially, good sport at the target, and that they all got prizes. That the day was so wet was evidently not according to Gunther, so that Roberts or Hoffman or some of those other fellers must have had a hand in it.

GYMNASTIC.—In a recent notice of a gymnastic exhibition in St. John, N. B., a correspondent stated that Professor Jones, in his attempt to perform the Zampillaerostation act, made a failure. This, we are requested to say by a number of gentlemen, was not the case; that he succeeded admirably, and that favorable mention of the performance was made in the local papers at the time. We are informed that Mr. Jones did the act and general feats as performed by Wm. Hanlon, including somersets between the bars, etc. Mr. Jones is a New Yorker, and has been connected with several first class concerns, viz: Rice, under whom he entered the profession some seven years since; Baily, Nixon, and others. He went to St. John some few years since at the solicitation of friends, and established a gymnasium, during which time he has been favored with success and a large circle of friends. Our correspondent has probably had his information from some party unfriendly to Professor Jones. The Professor will be remembered as one of the firm of Penny & Jones, gymnasts. We make the correction with pleasure.

THE SKATING SEASON OF 1865-6.

Since Thanksgiving, which, by the way, was most unpleasant out of doors, we have had several forcible reminders that the skating season will soon begin, for in truth "a nipping and an eager air" prevailed during the closing days of last week, a slight sprinkling of snow and ice half an inch thick giving old Dame Nature a wintry appearance indeed. Old "Rheumatiz's" relatives don't like the prospect, but those not allied to that family, and those who are young and in health, are looking forward to the time when the welcome announcement will be made that "the ball's up," with most joyous anticipations. Already our young folks are pleading with papa for a pair of new skates and a new set of furs, or other necessary paraphernalia for a good time on the ice. We would say here, in parenthesis, to those wanting skates, etc., that they should give either Mr. Woodham or Mr. McMillan a call, for they have large stocks of the best goods. For their address, see advertisement in another column.

... anxiety is being manifested by the lovers of skating in regard to what is being done for them in the way of ice, and where the skating arenas are to be located. First and foremost, of course, comes

THE CENTRAL PARK PONDS.

It gives us pleasure to be able to state that the lower or main pond, having an area of twenty acres, is in a forward state of preparation; the Commissioners have procured apparatus for improving the surface of the ice by planing it. This will be a great improvement, and much enhance the pleasure of skating, as a good many sought other arenas to cut pigeon wings on because, in the after part of the day, the ice became so much cut up by the morning's skating that it was too rough to make the exercise either safe or pleasant, as numerous downfalls were the consequence, and a fall on the ice usually results in "I screams" by the young folk. If possible, the facilities of last year will be improved upon generally, and the area will be increased some, we believe, by deeper flooding. The lower pond will be patronised, as usual, by the less ambitious and those who care not to be the observed of all observers. In addition to the above, however, for the benefit of the Harlemites, Yorkvillains, and others in that vicinity, another pond is being prepared at the upper end of the Park, in the northeast corner, extending from 106th to 110th street, the area of which will be about five acres. Suitable buildings, to be comfortably heated, are almost completed, and the northern section of the Manhattanese are glorifying over the anticipated opportunities of showing their agility on ice.

THE FIFTH AVENUE POND

has been shorn of its fair proportions to a considerable extent, owing to improvements (?) by the city fathers in running streets through. There is still room for a large crowd, however, and as Major Oatman keeps things in apple-pie order, it will, no doubt, have its usual number of patrons from among the *elite*. Preparations for "commencement day" are being made, and the word "ready" will soon be given by the Major. A block or so above this, in the same neighborhood, is

MITCHELL'S POND,

which will be used for the first time, this season. It is not large, and is evidently a private speculation, as a small building has been erected for the sale of refreshments. Its area is about 300 by 75 feet.

JEROME'S POND.

This is altogether a private institution, owned by the rich Wall street broker, all its appointments being of the most *recherche* character. It is located on Madison Avenue, near 26th street. The vacant lot is boarded and caulked over, so as to avoid the waste of water, and it will not be necessary to flood it very deep. "Much corianders" has been spent on this pond.

THE CAPITOLINE GROUNDS, BROOKLYN.

This resort for the base ball fraternity, and, of late, to some extent, for the lovers of the croquet game, as well as in past years of thousands of skaters, will, this season, offer to the latter class superior advantages. The grounds were flooded recently by the introduction of water from the street mains, and an area of about four squares is covered. This is enclosed by a high fence, and arrangements are made by which carriages and sleighs may come there. During the past summer, the proprietors have erected a new building two stories in height, which, with the one already standing, affords two halls one hundred and thirty feet long. On the lower floor are heaters which warm both upper and lower halls. The upper apartment is neatly finished. From the upper hall a view of the lake is presented; and a band of music has been engaged. The refreshment department, as well as that for the letting and repairing of skates, are both complete. The Fulton Avenue cars run within a few steps of the pond, which is located on Nostrand Avenue.

WASHINGTON POND, BROOKLYN.

The Washington Pond is situated at the junction of Fifth avenue and Third street, Brooklyn, and is passed by the Fifth avenue cars, which run to Fulton Ferry, touching at South and Wall street ferries. The Washington Pond has gone into the hands of gentlemen who, with ample means, have undertaken to establish it as one of the best in the country. The area of water will include more than two large squares. The agent has nearly completed the refitting and enlargement of the saloon and refreshment room. A band of music will be in attendance daily.

NASSAU POND, BROOKLYN.

This pond is located at Flatbush, and can be reached by the Flatbush cars. This is used by the residents of the immediate neighborhood.

UNION POND, WILLIAMSBURGH.

This well conducted skating arena has been increased in size; added to which, music and fireworks are offered as extra inducements for the Williamsburghers to bestow their patronage on it, which they do pretty generally. It is located on Marcy Avenue.

THE CHICHESTER POND, BROOKLYN,

is of recent formation, and is located on Myrtle Avenue, near Yates Avenue.

THE MELROSE POND.

This is located a short distance south of the Melrose depot, on the Harlem railroad, and is formed by damming up a stream. It is a profitable piece of property for its owner, as it is used as a pasture for cattle in the summer, and in the winter it is flooded, and ice is cut there for storage, as well as being used for skating.

THE TREMONT POND.

This is located in the town of that name, in Westchester county, on the Harlem railroad. It is leased by an association, and the conduct of its affairs is most admirable. They have grand good times there during the winter. It is patronized by the Tremont aristocracy, and those of the surrounding neighborhood.

SYLVAN LAKE, HOBOKEN, N. J.,

Is conveniently located on the flats or salt meadows, and besides Hobokeners, down town New Yorkers go over there for exercise on the sliding scale. Good, substantial buildings have been erected, with an eye to comfort and convenience, and it is enclosed with a high fence.

The above directory will assist those who intend cutting pigeon wings and other kadidoes on the ice this winter, in which delectable exercise we anticipate for them any amount of pleasure. The CLIPPER will give such additional information as it can procure, from time to time, and will also notice the proceedings on the different ponds as opportunity may occur after the announcement is made of "Ball's Up."

THE TRIGGER.

TARGET EXCURSION OF THE PHELAN & COLLENDER GUARD.

On Thanksgiving Day, the above organization, which is composed of the employees in the billiard table manufactory of Messrs. Phelan and Collender, held their fourth annual target excursion. Notwithstanding the very unfavorable weather, which prevented a great many of the invited guests as well as of the rank and file from attending, ninety-nine persons sat down to the magnificent dinner provided on the occasion at Lohman's Hotel, East New York. The officers of the Guard were as follows: Captain, W. M. Fowler; 1st Lieut. Eugene Tully; 2nd Lieut. John Wade; 3rd Lieut. John McDonald; Standard Bearer, H. Drypoleher. After dinner, toasts and speeches followed in rapid and pleasant succession, enlivened at intervals by the music of Dodworth's famous brass band, which accompanied the excursionists. Messrs. Phelan, Geary, Fowler, Gavitt and Kean being the principal orators of the day. A most delightful time was enjoyed by all present, and general regret was expressed when the hour arrived for the homeward march. We subjoin a list of the prizes and most successful competitors.

No.	Won by.	Donor.	Article.	Value.
1	John Martin	Phelan & Collender	Gold h. watch	$200
2	P. J. Boland	C. O'Conner	U. S B. gold int.	100
3	C. Witzel	Phelan & Collender	U.S.B. 7-30's	100
4	John Walsh	M. Geary	Gold watch	85
5	A. Konig	Phelan & Collender	U.S.B. 7-30's	50
6	B. Hoyt	P. Totans	Gold watch	75
7	Jas. McDougal	E. Cahill	Gold piece	20
8	C. Drypoleher	Phelan & Collender	Greenback	30
9	John Debes	Phelan & Collender	Greenback	20
10	John Walsh	Phelan & Collender	Silver watch	35
11	M. O'Brien	Mr. Graham	Silver watch	30
12	W. McDougall	Wallack & Co.	Gold chain	30
13	P. Dunphy	Jas Atkins	Cake basket	25
14	J. Tourney	Ogden & Co.	Greenback	20
15	M. Collins	F. Grote	Gold piece	10
16	J. Keane	F. Grote	Gold piece	10
17	M. Denis	Keane	Sil'r m'd revolv.	25
18	W. M. Fowler (Cap't)		Target	75
19	John Burns	Flynn & Marion	Greenback	10
20	J. McDonald (3d Lt.)	T. B. Stewart	Greenback	10
21	H. Drypoleher	P. Tracey	Greenback	10
22	A. Fox	G. F. Link	Pair of pants	15
23	S. McTierney (guide)	E. J. Sauce	Cake basket	20
24	J. Nagle	A. Keidinger	Castor	10
25	J. H. Carter	J. Brown	Box segars	10
26	J. De Herville	E. B. Servoss	Turkey	3
27	E. Kane	E. B. Servoss	1 gallon sherry	10
28	J. Mullen	E. B. Servoss	Pair chickens	2

The judges on shooting were Messrs. Michael Phelan, Michael Geary, Dan. E. Gavitt, Capt. Edward Parry and H. Parry.

THE TURF.

Read! Read!--Dr. Randall's Specific is a sure cure for scratches, and diseases of the hoof. Every owner of a horse should have it. Price 50 cents. For sale by Druggists. By sending 60 cents to Randall & Co., Boston, it will be forwarded to any part of the U. S. 35-2t*

THE HOBOKEN RACE COURSE, N. J.

THE lovers of racing in this city will be gratified to learn that the well known turfman, Colonel McDaniels, formerly the proprietor of the Broad Rock Course, Richmond, Va., has become the lessee of the Hoboken Course, N. J. This admirable track, which was constructed only two years ago by the Hudson County Agricultural Association, and under whose auspices three excellent race meetings have been held, enjoys unequaled advantages on account of its proximity to New York, with its vast and sport loving population, and the easy, cheap and convenient access to it alike by road and rail. The Erie line runs within a few hundred yards of the course, and the company purpose erecting a permanent station at the place. By road, the distance is only five miles from the Jersey City and Hoboken Ferries, and the drive is through a district rich in scenes of natural beauty. The track itself is one of the fastest and best in the country, and the great experience of Col. McDaniels will readily suggest to him many improvements requisite to render it equal, if not superior, to its rivals at Paterson and Saratoga. His great popularity among turfmen of all classes and intimate acquaintance with breeders, trainers and owners of race horses, gives him unusual facilities for securing entries of horses for the purses and stakes he may open on his track. He has secured a lease of the course for ten years, at a fair and reasonable rental, and as there is nearly seven hundred acres of grass land attached, he can offer unusual inducements to owners of thoroughbred stock to make it their training quarters. Trotting will be entirely abolished on the course, as Col McDaniels, in company with all turfmen of experience and judgment, is strongly of opinion that racing and trotting cannot be combined together to advantage on the same track. The programme of stakes for the coming spring meeting will be issued without delay.

REMOVAL OF TRAINING QUARTERS.—We learn that Mr. Sandford's stable of thoroughbreds, comprising Loadstone, Nannie Butler, brother to Nannie Butler, and several two year olds, have left their old training quarters at the Centreville Course, L. I., and are now located on the estate recently purchased by that gentleman near Paterson, N. J., and where he has constructed a new three quarter mile training course. Mr. David McCoun, formerly principal trainer to the late General Wells, has charge of his stable of racers.

TROTTING AT THE UNION COURSE, L. I.

A delegation of the sports of the metropolis congregated at the above course on the afternoon of the 8th inst., to witness a trot for $500 between Mr. Rodin's Quaker and Hiram Woodruff's Grey Gelding. The former was the favorite previous to the start, 150 to 75 being laid by his backers. The betting fluctuated greatly during the race, however, the same odds being laid upon each horse alternately. Though the time accomplished was anything but fast, the closeness of the contest made it very interesting.

Union Course, L. I. Dec. 8, 1865.—Match $500, mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness.

M. Rodin ns br. g. Quaker	1	2	1	2	1
H. Woodruff ns g. g. Grey Gelding	2	1	2	1	2

Time—3:02; 2:54½; 2:56½; 3:06½; 2:56½.

TROTTING AT THE HOBOKEN COURSE, N. J.

A match for a stake of $700 was trotted over the Hoboken race track on the 8th inst, the competitors to which were C. Birdsall's Patrick and H. Hutton's Michael. The namesake of Ireland's patron Saint had the call in the betting, the quotations being 2 to 1 in his favor. There was a heavy turnout of the "squatters" on Jersey's sandy soil, many of them being of the "Faynian" persuasion, their sympathies being enlisted in the fortunes of the contending horses, whose names gave unmistakable evidence of belonging to the "rale ould stock" by the purely Hibernian cognomens bestowed upon their steeds. Patrick won in three straight heats with the greatest ease. We append a summary.

HOBOKEN COURSE, N. J., Dec. 8th 1865.—Match $700, mile heats, three in five, in harness.

C. Birdsall entered b g Patrick	1	1	1
H. Hutton entered b g Michael	2	2	2

Time, 3:08—3:07—3:06.

BILLIARDS.

Kavanagh and Decker
BILLIARD TABLE MANUFACTURERS,
No. 235 CANAL, CORNER CENTRE STREET, N. Y.
DUDLEY KAVANAGH having associated himself with LEVI DECKER for the manufacture of BILLIARD TABLES, and all articles connected therewith, the firm are now prepared to execute orders to any extent. The great want—a perfect Billiard Cushion—has at last been secured, in KAVANAGH & DECKER'S PATENT, the best players pronouncing it the most perfect yet introduced. The choicest materials are used, and no pains will be spared to render the fullest satisfaction to purchasers. A large stock of Tables, Cues, Balls, &c., constantly on hand, to meet the demands of the trade. KAVANAGH & DECKER.
30-3m No. 235 Canal, corner Centre street, New York.

Hand Book of Billiards, by Michael Phelan and C. BERGER, containing a complete treatise on the Game of Billiards, with a description of all the different shots, how to bring the balls together, etc; to which is added the Rules of the American, or Four Ball Game, the English Game, and the French, or Three Ball Game; also, containing Rules for all the different Games of Pool, Hints to Young Players, Bagatelle Games, etc., etc. Illustrated with numerous engravings. Price 35 cents. Send orders to Box 3410, P. O., New York. 28-3m*

CHALLENGE FROM GOLDTHWAIT TO MCDEVITT.—The well-known billiard professional, William Goldthwait, who is now located in Boston as the proprietor of the Revere Billiard Rooms, and whose matches with Dudley Kavanagh for the champion cue have gained him a world-wide reputation, announces his willingness to play a home and home match with the accomplished western billiard player, Mr. John McDevitt, at whose hands he sustained defeat at their great match for $1,000 a side, last May, in Cincinnati. Desirous of retrieving the laurels he lost on that occasion, he is now willing to play two matches for $1,000 a side each match, the four ball American carom game, 1500 points up, on a four pocket Phelan and Collender table; one game to be played with the push shot, and the other with the push shot barred. The matches to be played in New York and Boston, leaving the question as to priority of game and place to future agreement. We are informed that Goldthwait has made surprising improvement in his play since his match with McDevitt, and his Boston friends are confident in his ability to reverse the previous verdict, and anxious to give him an opportunity of doing so. John McDevitt is now a resident of this city, has become the proprietor of the elegant billiard rooms formerly kept by Messrs. Goldthwait and Cahill in Sixth Avenue, near Thirteenth Street, and the challenge which he issued after his victory of Goldthwait last May, to play any billiard professional in the United States for ten thousand dollars a side, 1500 points up in accordance with the regulations of the American Billiard Congress, still remains open and unaccepted. In our next issue we shall probably be enabled to announce his intentions regarding the above challenge from the clever young Boston billiardist.

THE MARYLAND BILLIARD TOURNAMENT.—A grand billiard tournament for the purpose of deciding the Championship of the State of Maryland commenced at Baltimore on Monday, 11th inst., at the Front-street Theatre. There are five Knights of the Cue, rivals for the high honor of the Championship, and the contest between them promises to be of the most exciting character. Mr. L. Smith Kaun, proprietor of one of the principal billiard rooms in Baltimore, has the direction of the entire project. The first prize, emblematic of the title, is a superb golden cue of the value of $250, elaborately mounted, and ornamented in exquisite taste; the second prize is a silver-mounted cue worth $150, and both are from the establishment of Messrs. Phelan & Collender. The third prize, an elegant silver goblet, gold lined, presenting a medallion of Minerva, surrounded by a wreath of flowers, and the inscription, "Third Prize—Maryland Billiard Tournament, Dec. 11th, 1865," has been completed, and the three prizes are now on exhibition at the establishment of Brown & Son, corner of Baltimore and Charles street, Baltimore. Among the billiard notabilities who are on hand, assisting by their presence and professional services in the tournament, are Messrs. Palmer, Nelmes and Rvalt, of Philadelphia; Messrs. Phelan, Carme and McDevitt, of New York; and the Champion, John Deery, of Washington. The result of the tourney will be given in our next issue.

THE VIRGINIA BILLIARD TOURNAMENT for suitable prizes and the championship of the State, is announced to take place at Beardsley's Hall, Norfolk, Va., on December 19th and 23d and intermediate days. What prominent billiard talent they have there we are unable to say, but good contests are looked for by the lovers of this parlor pastime in that section.

THE NEXT MATCH FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP.—The next contest for the billiard championship of America is between the present holder of the Golden Cue, John Deery, and Pierre Carme, and must be played at Washington before the 7th January next, according to the rules of the Billiard Congress. The claimant after Carme is John McDevitt, while the challenge of Joseph Dion, of Montreal, stands next in order.

BILLIARD MATCH IN MONTANA.—Sporting matters are lively in the great Territories of the far West. The most brilliant billiard match ever made in Montana Territory was decided on the 4th ult., at Helena City. The combatants were Adam Kleser and Valentine Orndoff. The play was for the Championship of the Territory and $500 in gold. The audience embraced the most brilliant players in that section, and through the good order preserved the affair passed off to the satisfaction of all witnesses. The game opened at 7½, P. M., Kleser winning the lead. It was played with 2¾ balls, on a Phelan & Collender standard American table, governed by Phelan's rules.

Both parties were somewhat embarrassed in the beginning. But few points were scored on the first three innings. Orndoff soon recovered himself, scoring forty-five on the fourth, and one hundred and sixty-seven on the sixth innings—being the largest run made in the game. Orndoff led his opponent one hundred and sixty-eight points on the seventh; but the gap was soon closed, and the scoring was about equal on the fifth hundred. On the sixth, Kleser took the lead and kept it to the end of the game. Orndoff's average, 16.85; Kleser's 20. Orndoff's highest run, 167; Kleser's, 63. The following was the score:—

Orndoff—0 3 0 45 15 167 43 21 6 4 8 0 9 6 7 8 2 10 0 0 0 8 25 7 12 81 0 7 2 31 38 0 0 0 9 0 0 18 0 40 9) 2 3 15 0 0 92 0 18 0—Total, 842.

Kleser—5 6 6 19 11 18 30 48 19 31 63 5 34 0 19 0 0 13 22 27 5 47 50 37 0 25 9 0 24 22 12 5 62 41 0 0 11 37 16 7 33 53 8 17 2 37 48 7 0 42—Total, 1000.

BALL PLAY.

DOUBLE-HEADED HAND BALL MATCH

BETWEEN

BARNEY MCQUADE AND WILLIAM RYAN,

AGAINST

JOHN MANNIP AND MORRIS HAYES.

That Thanksgiving comes but once a year most people are aware, except those, perhaps, located "on the plains of Mexico," or in lunatic asylums; but save us from another such day for offering up thanks, dissecting turkeys and drinking toddies as last Thursday proved to be.

While the outsiders were doomed to disappointment owing to the bad weather, those who had made up their minds to have a day's fun indoors enjoyed it to their heart's content. Among this latter class were the "ball tossers," or lovers of the good old-fashioned Irish game of hand ball, in and about 12th street on the east side of the town.

A short paragraph in our last issue relative to a match between four famous players, resident in this city, was the means of drawing together a very large assemblage to the Ball Alley at 265 East 12th street, on Thanksgiving afternoon, wet as it was. Before proceeding to notice the game, however, we will indulge in a little prefatory talk, such as will no doubt be read with interest by our Fenian as well as Unfenian-like subscribers.

The game of hand ball to the Irish is what rackets was to the English, and base ball is to Americans—a national game, and as such will likely continue, for neither counter-jumpers nor beef eaters can well afford to think of taking the shine out of a Corkonian at his favorite pastime, which was an institution in Dan Donnelly's time, and long before it, and continues to be even unto Owney Geogheghan's time, which is the time being. Sir Dan and Mr. G. both knew their biz. in a ball alley. In Erin's fast-anchored isle the peasants are as rare adepts at "tossing the ball" as they were formerly at twisting a shillelagh while "wearing of the green" at a faction fight or Donnybrook Fair, both of which, however, we are glad to see are now pretty much done away with. In this country, Wm. Baggs (an Irish gentleman with an ear for music, although in no way related to Jem, of Wandering Minstrel fame), is looked upon as the father of the game, having been Champion of Ireland for many years, as well as of Irish-America, and as such, although "too ould and shtiff to compete with the young gossoons," he is still looked up to with awe by young beginners, while his advice is eagerly sought and acted upon when any technical point is at issue. Baggs is a native of Clonmel, County Tipperary (and mighty proud of his birthplace he is), and is about 55 years of age. The past fourteen years he has spent among his kinsfolk, but recently returned to America to live the remainder of his days. There are others, lesser lights, in the hand ball circles to which we might allude, but none so universally known as Baggs.

The game itself is a very laborious one, and calculated to bring all the muscles of the human frame into play, and for simple amusement or exercise will be found very arduous until well used to it, and even then never fails to bring on a healthy perspiration, no matter how cold the weather is. It is played by one party taking the inside of a score marked across the center of the alley, and the other occupying the outside of the mark, the choice of position before the starting being tossed for, and none but the players are allowed on the ground floor. Twenty-one aces constitute a game, and it is generally the best five out of nine games, as played in this country. The man occupying the inside is considered as having the best position by far, as it is his policy, after getting the ball to bounce to suit him, to knock it with great violence with the palm of his hand against the front wall, so as to send it bounding as far to his rear as possible, to spoil his antagonist's chance of being able, after the ball has bounced off the floor, to drive it back with the palm of either hand against the wall which it first struck; if he fails to do this, his opponent counts an ace, while if he succeeds, and his opponent fails to make it strike the aforesaid front wall after bouncing, he loses his position, and the other party takes his place, and so on to the end of the game. Where a double-handed match is being played (as that of the 10th inst.) one on each side takes the inside the score and the others the outside, partners not being allowed to strike each other's balls. It is quite amusing to see the shapes the players get themselves into, all having to be as suple as the Globonnoise or masters of the science, and able, as it were, to be all over at one time, as it is the aim of each opposing party to drive the ball in as different a direction as possible from the course his rival would be most likely to "lay" for it. The ball used is measured by making a circle with the thumb and second finger, about one and a half inches in diameter, quite hard, and covered with sheepskin. This description will give our readers an idea of the game, although it would be the more readily understood by witnessing a match.

The match to which we will now refer your attention was for $100 a corner, or $200 a side, between Barney McQuade and William Ryan against John Mannix and Morris Hayes, all well known hand ball players, who are said to have backed themselves. McQuade is a native of county Monaghan, stands 5 feet 7½ inches in height (too short for a Metropolitan, that,) and weighs about 152lbs. and is 23 years old; Ryan hails from county Cork same height, 160lbs. in weight, and aged 26; Hayes, who was looked upon as champion a few years ago, and is also from Cork, looms up 5 ft. 8¾ inches in stature, is 160 lbs. avoirdupois, and has seen some thirty winters; and last and least (in physical proportions only, not in playing strength), Mannix, likewise from Cork, is 5 ft. 6 in. tall, 145lbs. weight, and 24 years of age. The judges were Dr. Dermody (of the firm of Kehoe & Co.,) one of the most expert proficients in the game who frequents this alley, for McQuade and Ryan, and James Moore, an ancient lover of the sport, all of fifty, who recently, with Mannix, played against Ryan and Buckley, for Mannix and Hayes. The conditions of the match in hand were to play the best five out of nine games, 21 aces to a game, and by the time they got ready to play there was a great crowd in attendance, occupying every nook and corner where a view of the contestants could be obtained. The alley, which is 71 feet in length and 30 feet wide, has a lofty ceiling, lighted from the top, admirably ventilated, and as clean as a pink. The betting, what there was of it, was slightly in favor of Mannix and his partner, who won the first two games; McQuade and his partner the second two; Mannix and Co. third two; McQ. ditto fourth two; leaving them four and four, and while contending for the ninth and deciding game, it became too dark to see to finish it, and they agreed to postpone the same till a future day. Play commenced at 2 p. m., and lasted till about 5 p. m., during which time there was some of the most exciting playing said to have ever been witnessed in that alley. The partizans of both sides were very warm in their enthusiasm, and the games were frequently interrupted by bursts of applause, as this or that one showed points of unusual occurrence. Little Mannix's capers were the cause of much merriment. At the termination of the games, (but not of the match) the players were in a very healthy state of perspiration, and right glad to exchange their vapor bath-like under-clothes, for warm, dry ones, and then take something to wet the inside for the stomach's sake.

THE BASE BALL CONVENTION.—The ninth annual convention of the National Association of Base Ball Players will be held at Room 24, Cooper Institute, Wednesday, Dec. 13th, as previously announced in the CLIPPER, and it will no doubt be the most influential gathering of the kind ever seen in this city, or known in the annals of the game. The meeting will be called to order at 7½, P. M., at which hour it is to be hoped every delegate will be present. A meeting of the officers of the Association is to be held at Dunham's Saloon—New York Quoit Grounds—corner of Broadway and Astor Place, at 6, P. M., to receive the delegates representing out of town clubs, and all delegates from clubs outside the metropolitan district are requested to assemble there at 6, P. M. We are glad to see this hospitable movement inaugurated; it is what ought to be done every year. We shall be glad to welcome all of the clubs who have this season made application for admission, but especially the Olympic, of Philadelphia, which has been too long outside the fold for such an excellent and influential organization. Clubs have sent delegates or application for admission as far off as St. Louis, Mo., and Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. All of these distant clubs should, and will, no doubt, receive a hearty welcome from the convention. Considerable business of an important character will be brought up before the convention, and it promises to be as creditably conducted and dignified an assemblage as any of its predecessors.

THE MEETING OF THE COMMITTEE OF RULES.—This important committee of the National Association held its last meeting on Friday night, 8th inst. Some important amendments have been made to the rules, and we have no doubt the whole, or at least the principal portion, will be endorsed by the convention. We would remind delegates that they have either to accept the amendments as recommended or refuse them, the by laws prohibiting any amendment of the amendments by any but the committee itself. The members of the committee will meet at the hall of the committee on Wednesday, at 7 P. M., to sign the report.

OUR NATIONAL GAME ON THANKSGIVING DAY.—Rain and slush put a veto on making Thanksgiving Day the ball players' holiday, as it is customary to do, and as far as this vicinity was concerned, nothing was done in the way of any out-door sports, ball playing especially being out of the question. Some fifty odd matches had been arranged, principally social games, and the promising weather of the day previous led all to suppose that the fraternity would have a gay old time; but the clerk of the weather this time went back on his friends and knocked spots out of their pleasurable anticipations. Never did a season terminate leaving the public appetite so eager for a further supply of ball playing to feast on than this has done. The promise for next season is that it will even surpass in brilliant results the one just concluded, that has been unequalled in every respect by any previous season since the game was inaugurated. In fact, 1865 will be known as the year when base ball was first regularly established as the National game of America.

A GRAND MATCH AT HAND BALL will come off at McQuade's Ball Court, 265 East 12th street, on Thursday, Dec. 14th, between the four celebrated players, Barney McQuade and Wm. Ryan against John Mannix and Morris Hayes, to decide the late game played on Thanksgiving Day, for $300 a side. This is expected to prove the hardest contest witnessed for years, and those desirous of witnessing the game are requested to attend early, as there are no reserved seats; the game to commence at one o'clock precisely. Tickets of admission, 50 cents each.

THE RING.

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THE RECENT PRIZE BATTLE IN MONTANO TERRITORY

BETWEEN

PATSY MARLEY AND CON. OREM.

MARLEY VICTORIOUS AFTER FIGHTING 96 ROUNDS.

We are now enabled to lay before our readers the details of this important mill, the result of which we gave in last week's issue. The well known reputation of the men for science, pluck and endurance, acquired in their frequent essays in the magic arena, led the admirers of fistic sports to anticipate a struggle for superiority which would be well worth the witnessing; and ever since the match was effected it has constituted the principal theme of conversation in the "far west," the interest manifested therein not being confined to circles strictly pugilistic, but partaken of by all classes of society, of both high and low degree.

HISTORY OF THE MEN.

JOHN CONDLE OREM, more familiarly known as Con Orem by the general public, and "Con" by his friends, was introduced into this world 28 years ago, in Carroll County, Ohio. In the third year of his existence he joined the family stampede to Fort Finlay, Hancock County, Ohio, where, in the course of time, he was raised to 5½ feet, and something over 140 pounds fighting weight. After wrestling successfully with the trials of the world, and some of its male inhabitants, he entered the arena with Texas, at Denver City, on the 7th of April, 1861. This hero hoisted the leeward, after losing sight of earth during the second round. In the next offer for immortality, Con beat Rough Enoch Davis, Aug. 24, of the same year, after a contest lasting 109 rounds, and one hour and forty minutes in time. In 1863, at New York City, he fought Owney Geoghegan 19 rounds, but the affair ended in a wrangle. An encounter with his present opponent, Patsey Marley, in November, 1863, in the State of Delaware, resulted in a "draw," after a game struggle on both sides, during which 74 rounds were fought in two hours and five minutes. A glove fight shortly followed, and 24 rounds in forty-five minutes being disposed of, Con was declared winner by a "foul." He was then matched with Jim Elliott, the "Young Giant," for $1,000, and the Championship of the middle weights. Elliott paid forfeit, and Con claimed the Championship. Con having deposited $50 in the CLIPPER office, as an anchor, challenged any man in America for $1,000 and the championship, but, receiving no answer, he went to Montana and fought Hugh O'Neil, on the 2nd of January, 1864, at Virginia City. The contest ended in a draw, after 186 rounds had been recorded in 186 minutes. Con having challenged America in general, and Patsey Marley in particular, the son of Erin shortly appeared in Montana, [illegible] made the arrangements for the present fight. The match was for $1,000, a stand-up fight, according to the new rules of the London Prize Ring; and on the day named, (Nov. 5th, 1865) the financial preliminaries were all completed. Con was trained by Lon McCarty, who acted as his second, assisted by George Williams. The aqueous department was presided over by R. D. Gibbin.

PATSEY MARLEY, on this occasion shied his tile into a Montana ring for the first time. This game and enduring fighter first trained on a milk diet some time in 1830, near the town of Castlebar, county Mayo, Ireland. After pouching small sums from outsiders, he entered the P. R. for a maiden effort with Mug Anderson, whom he polished off in ten minutes, for £10 a side, in ten rounds, with the aid of his ten-stamp mill. Billy Mekam was the next who stayed too long in his corner. He yielded, after fighting a tough battle of 42 rounds. Harry Andrews shortly after received his attentions for 8 rounds, occupying 12 minutes; Patsey receiving a purse of £20 at the close. Tinker Levings, the Cheshire Champion, having stayed in the ring with Marley an hour and ten minutes, appearing 51 times at the scratch, retired, leaving £50 behind him. In his fight with Harry Burgess for £100, he experienced the fickleness of fortune, being defeated, after a game encounter, in one hour and 30 minutes. Having given Jack Parton a foul blow, another leaf fell from his chaplet. His endeavors to pluck one from the crest of Con Orem resulted in a draw, as before described. Patsey received a defeat at the hands of Dooney Harris, being led from the ring totally blind, after contesting fifty rounds for $1,000, in 1 hour and 46 minutes. His next fight was with John Devine, for a purse which he both earned and received, after fighting 176 rounds, in 3 hours and 40 minutes. A foul blow decided the conflict in his favor, at his passage of arms with Patsey Foy, at Idaho City, after fighting 2 rounds in 4 minutes.

The fight took place at Last Chance Flat, half a mile distant from St. Helena, on the morning of the 5th Nov. The arrangements made for the accommodation of those in attendance were excellent, reflecting great credit upon those having the matter in charge. The ring was formed in the centre of an enclosure, one hundred feet square, with seats amphitheatrically arranged, so that all present could obtain an unobstructed view of the combat. The "tariff" for availing oneself of these accommodations was $5, which was paid by about 2,500 persons, among them divers gaily attired females, who expressed their opinions of the merits of the rival champions in forcible language and deposits of dust.

Both men appeared in fine condition at the scratch—Patsy, perhaps, a little too fleshy, but still stripping big, and looking like a giant razeed. His broadly expanded chest and shoulders, his thorough fighting head, and his cool, game look, spoke volumes for him. Opinions were about equally divided, and dust was generally piled upon the level. His weight was 148 pounds; his height is 5 feet five inches.

Con stands 5 feet 6½ inches high, and is a beautiful model of symmetry. He had trained down to a little over 140 pounds, and looked clear and hard; but he had skinned the middle knuckle of his right hand, which was inflamed, and told heavily against him in the fight.

THE BATTLE.

Round 1.—Both combatants appeared brisk and hopeful, and went to work as business men, alternately shifting their ground and keeping in the neighborhood of Marley's corner. At last Con dropped a sockdolager from his left on Marley's cheek, drawing blood. Patsey clinched, avoiding some well intended but ineffectual passages from Con's maulers, and both went down together. Loud cheers for Con, and cries of "First blood for Con," which event was allowed in his favor.

2 opened with a direct smashing left-hander from Con on the right jaw, Con's hand suffering at least as much as Marley's jaw. Marley fell, but jumped up and went at it wickedly, sending in his dexter pestle heavily on Con's shoulder and neck. Con slipped down, striking at Marley as he fell, and landing home on his ribs with his left. On reference, the pass-word was issued, "Go on."

There was some very vicious fighting from the second to the twelfth round, Con punishing Marley about the head and face, the former the best at arm's length and the latter in the in-fighting.

12 to 20 were much the same. Marley's play was under Con's left arm, which was red and swollen, Con visiting the face only. After this the men clinched, and one on the other slipped down without being hurt. In the thirteenth round, at the fall, Con threw Marley a complete somersault.

21. Marley's left eye puffing. He was well marked on body and arms also, but, though breathing hard, as lively as a cat. He landed with his right a smasher on Con's left visual, sending the claret in a shower from the cut eyebrow.

22 to 26. Heavy fighting; Orem having the best of it.

27 to 35. Slow affairs. Marley home on the breast; Con, with his puffed right, reaching the cheek. Which ever thought he had a chance for a foul, slipped down.

36 to 55. There was a great deal of wild rallying, and some jobbing at close quarters in these rounds, Marley generally getting in on the ribs, and Con on the face, both without much effect; Orem slipping down, except in the 52d round, when Marley threw him. Con's right was nearly useless, being soft and puffed.

56 to 65. Some heavy exchanges. Claims of foul and much confusion.

66. Marley's left eye closing; right and left cheek swelled; also, a big lump appeared on his right cheek. The sponge was applied to his olfactory organ most persistently. He, however, sent in the heaviest blow of the battle, right over Con's heart. It was a staggerer, and left its mark instantly visible. The men closed; but as no fall appeared likely, cries of "separate them" were heard, and the seconds came up. As Con let go, Marley struck him full on the left eye. (This was subsequently ruled as no foul, as the round was not over according to the rules.)

67. Con gave Marley a decidedly unpleasant rap on the mouth with his left, and knocked him down as he was retreating.

67 to 87. The fighting took another turn; Con losing strength rapidly, and Marley, though fatigued, recovering his wind and talking to his friends, declaring that he would fight all night.

88 to 93.—Night was closing in, and the combatants were exhausted considerably, especially Orem, who slipped down so as to challenge an appeal for foul, and he was warned not to do so any more. No blows of any account were given till the end of the 96th round.

At the beginning of the 97th round the referee decided, on appeal from both sides, that the fight should be postponed until the next morning.

REMARKS.

As might be supposed, the spectators were much annoyed at the unexpected termination of the fight; but the sun stops for no one—in these days, at least—and it was the only course practicable under the circumstances. The apparent punishment sustained showed heavily on Marley; but the repeated and heavy visitations on Con's body told their tale in the fight unmistakably. In the beginning Con inflicted nearly all the punishment, but the tables were turned before the fight was postponed. The difference of style in fighting was remarkable. Con's blows were heavy on the head and weak on the body. Marley's were just the reverse. Both men exhibited considerable pluck.

Morning came, and at the appointed hour Marley responded to the call, but Orem did not—his right hand, from the concussion of blows, being entirely useless. The stakes were therefore handed over to Marley, whose friends were very jubilant at the decision.

THE OFFICERS.

Billy Nuttall was Umpire for Con, and James Galloway for Patsey. The Referee appointed was Mr. Zach. French, and the Time Keeper was S. T. Butler.

THE LATE TOM SAYERS.

FORT WAYNE, Ind., Dec. 5th, 1865.

EDITOR CLIPPER:—So much has been written about the departed hero, Sayers, that any remarks from your subscribers would be almost superfluous. Still, I will claim your indulgence for a few lines on "Poor Tom" and his antagonists. You seem to have an idea, along with many others, that the climate of England has a tendency to bring on consumption on account of the premature deaths of so many robust gladiators. But has not the gay life led by men of that class something to do with it? [Much.—ED.] According to the French statistics of European countries, the British Isles are peculiarly conducive to longevity. It would be difficult to find finer made men for activity and enduring strength than the late Tom Paddock, whose ruddy complexion and athletic figure have often been described; or Harry Broome, or Harry Orme, the only conqueror of the only man who ever beat and blinded the game and resolute Sayers, (Nat. Langham.) It seems singular that the last named boxer, a man of much more delicate frame of mind, and to all appearance a more likely subject for consumption than any of the above mentioned, should be alive and kicking, while the two Harry's and the two Tom's, robust, strong and hardy frames, "like the dew upon the mountain, or the foam on the river," should be gone forever. Poor Tom, it will be long before we have his like again. It was to him alone that we are indebted for some of the best mills on record. We should certainly have had but few championship fights but for the late gallant middle weight. We can all remember what a rush there used to be for the CLIPPER containing his up-hill mills with Poulson, Jones, Tipton, Paddock, Bainge, Brettle and Heenan. His performances in the roped arena will compare favorably with any previous champion.

UNKNOWN SCRIBBLER.

LATER FROM THE MARLEY AND OREM FIGHT.—MORE FIGHTS.—THE SECONDS HAVE A GO.—A correspondent in Helena, Montana Territory, sends us some further particulars touching the Marley and Orem fight, and several other items of interest to the pugilistic profession. The following is his letter:—

HELENA CITY, Montana Territory, Nov. 19, 1865.

FRIEND FRANK—I herewith send you an extra *Post*, with an account of the fight between Patsey Marley and Con Orem, which took place on Sunday, the 5th. On the following day, a fight took place between Dennis Sweeney, Marley's second, and Lawrence McCarty, Orem's second, for a purse of $300. The fight, which occupied nine rounds, ended in McCarty striking a foul blow, and losing the purse.

On Tuesday we had another fight, between Jim Shannon and Pat Harney, for a purse of $150. They fought gamely for one hour and five minutes, 69 rounds of as hard fighting as was ever witnessed in the territory being contested. Harney fought till he was beaten blind, Shannon winning the fight.

Marley has challenged Con Orem for another match, which Con has accepted. They are to fight in Virginia City on New Year's day, for $2000. [If they come together, Orem will probably win, if our judgment is worth anything, for it looks to us as if that was the programme.—ED. CLIP.] A match is also being arranged between Joe Riley and Shannon.

The fight between Marley and Orem has created a good deal of dissatisfaction here, many persons alleging that it was not on the square. The truth is, Marley and Orem were carrying on a "private conversation" between themselves. Marley alleges that Orem wanted him to lose the fight, for which he, Orem, would give him $500. My opinion is, that it was originally intended to be a draw. There were 2000 persons present, who paid five dollars a ticket, so you can judge what a gold mine Montana is for pugs. Marley and Orem were arrested to-day, fined ninety dollars each, and then discharged.

Patsey Marley is very anxious to make another match with Dooney Harris; if Dooney is "on it," this is the place, for money is plenty here. Marley fights better to-day than when he met Harris. Patsey Foy is expected here this week, so look out for squalls.

SOUTHWARK.

OWEN SWIFT ABOUT TO VISIT THE STATES.—A letter recently received from the respected host of the Horse Shoe, Tichborne street, London, the great house of call for American visitors and residents in the modern Babylon, puts us in possession of the pleasing intelligence that Owen Swift, the Wonder, one of the brightest ornaments of the British P. R., contemplates a visit to this country to see the people and our institutions. If so, we know of no one more entitled to a cordial welcome than he. Perhaps the famous painter pugilist, Jem Ward, may be induced to accompany the wonder.

A KING PIN IN THE NEW FIRE DEPARTMENT.—Billy Donnelly, the celebrated feather weight, [illegible] who at one time could have been matched against any [illegible] in the world at his weight, and who at one time had [illegible] a big say in matters and things on the east side of town, has sold out his billiard saloon to take hold of his new position in the Metropolitan Fire Department, as foreman of Engine Co. No. 28, (formerly No. 3), in East Eleventh street, of which he was for several years assistant foreman under the Decker regime. We trust that in donning the blue shirt for the red, Billy will prove as good a fire laddie as he used to be—more than that no one could desire.

COBURN'S RAFFLE.—The raffle for Joe Coburn's trotting stallion, "Bricks," which was to have come off a short time ago, but didn't on account of all the chances not being taken, is fixed to take place at the White House, 113 Grand street, on Tuesday evening, the 12th, when it is expected that all the subscribers will attend.

PICTORIAL ADDENDA.—The sporting landlord of the house of call for all nations, on the corner of Bleecker and Green streets, Ned Wilson, whose name may be English, Welsh, Irish or Scotch, but who himself is an American to the handle, has just added to his great collection colored lithographs of Sam Hurst, Bob Travers, Enoch Davis and John Morrissey, in fighting costume, and a very rare photograph of Phil Sampson, whose fights with Jem Ward, Josh Hudson and some twenty others, entitle his name to a high niche in pugilistic fame. Go see it.

OLD COUNTRY STYLE PUBLIC HOUSE.—Business men and others whose minds are occupied all day with the cares incident to their business, who live in the vicinity of King's Brewery Shades, 157 W. 41st street, cannot go to a better place to spend an evening, for here are all the adjuncts to make a man forget care and enjoy life as he should.

SAM COLLYER DECLARES HIS INTENTIONS.—Some time since we published a belligerent document, emanating from Jimmy Kerrigan, wherein the bold Fourth Warder challenged to mortal combat any 134 lb man in the country, give or take 32 ounces, for from $500 to $1000. The gauntlet was picked up by three or four pugilistically inclined individuals, but the only one of the number who furnishes indubitable proof of his meaning business is Sam Collyer, of Baltimore, Md. In Collyer's acceptance of Jimmy's *manifesto*, conditions were stated which Kerrigan could not possibly agree to, and the latter replied to the Baltimore laddie through our columns, requesting an extension of time. We are in receipt of a missive from Samivel in which he expresses his willingness to accommodate Kerrigan, and as an earnest of his good faith encloses in his letter a deposit of $25, which Jeems will please call and cover with a similar amount without delay. We have no objection to acting as *temporary* stakeholder in the match, but before the day of fighting the men must choose some other person to fill the position of *final* stakeholder.

CHALLENGE FROM MORRIS PHELAN.—This newly arrived English pugilist, desirous of getting on a match, authorizes us to say that he is willing to fight any man in America at 130 lbs. or 134 lbs., not being particular to a pound or so, for $1000 a side, within two or three months from the date of signing articles. Morris can be heard of and arrangements for the match made at Mr. J. Leonard's, 143 Thompson street, or at Jem Colbert's, "The Gem," corner of Houston and Crosby streets, New York.

RECEIVED FORFEIT.—Barney Aaron has received forfeit from the Philadelphia Turner, who, notwithstanding the extra time allowed him by Barney, failed to put in an appearance, personally or by representation, to go on with the match. The forfeit was $25.

PRESENTATION.—Alderman Mike Norton was recently presented with a magnificent gold watch and fixings, the establishment costing $700. It was a gift of a number of his personal friends.

MATCH IN CALIFORNIA.—The match made in San Francisco between Barney Farley and Tommy Chandler, for $1000, was to have taken place on the 23d of Nov. At last advices both men were training, Tom O'Donnell looking out for Farley, and Walker was attending to the interests of Chandler.

SPORTS ABROAD.

The Ring.

BATTLING MILL BETWEEN TWO NOVICES.

J. Mack and J. Cunningham, of Manchester, Eng., met Nov. 18th, to decide the question of fistic supremacy, for a "tenner," it being stipulated in the articles that neither should exceed 7st 6lb. It will be remembered that these lads should have tried conclusions on Nov. 7, in the same ring [Chambers and Evans], but, as Mack's party was late in arriving at the ring-side, his opponent claimed forfeit. This could not be allowed, in consequence of no hour being inserted in the articles, and on the matter being referred to the stakeholder, he ordered the combatants to meet again. Saturday was the day agreed upon, and the "meet" was at Astley, on Chat Moss (a scene of many a brilliant encounter), when, the coast being found clear, the implements of war were soon fixed by Chary Dixon, and the bantams (both of whom seemed anxious for business) at once peeled. Jack Miller, of the Old House at Home Charles street, Oxford road, Manchester, and a "pal" esquired Mack, on whom 6 to 4 was freely laid; and young Ingram, of London, and Bob Dackem attended to Cunningham, who hailed from Ned Evans's, Sawmill Tavern, Chapelfield road, Ardwick, whilst the unthankful office of referee was filled by Bill Brown's pot boy, Thomas Phelan, who rejoices in the classical cognomen of "Jocks." Everything being ready, the fight commenced at twenty minutes to nine o'clock, and a more determined combat has never been witnessed. Both are mere novices, therefore criticism is out of the question, but what they were deficient in in science was amply compensated for in gameness and undaunted bravery. For 1 hour 15 minutes did the lads contend in the most slogging style, during which forty rounds were contested when the referee decided against Cunningham for failing without a blow, after cautioning him several times; Mack was consequently declared the winner. The first blood was claimed and allowed for Mack from the effects of a good left-handed shot on the mouth in the first round.

UNSATISFACTORY FIGHT IN THE LEEDS DISTRICT.

A second attempt to decide the engagement entered into by Patsy Gillon and Johnny Phelan (alias Whaling) to fight, at catch-weight, for £10 a-side, was made on November 20th. A well-knowing sporting man was the referee, and the old *locale* was named by Gillon. A goodly number of the fancy left Leeds by early train for Bradford, and met at Tommy Kelly's. It was close upon nine o'clock ere the combatants put in an appearance, and to this may be attributed the abrupt termination of the fight. A ring was formed without the stakes. Phelan looked all that could be desired, while Gillon had a sickly, out-of-condition appearance. They are both sons of the Emerald Isle, Gillon's fighting weight being 10st 4lb, height 5ft 10in., and is aged twenty-one years; Phelan is twenty-eight years of age, weighs 11st 6lb, and stands 5ft 8½in. Both parties have had previous encounters, but only for small sums. After fighting thirteen rounds, in 21 min., without any very decided advantage on either side, the police put a stop to the affair. Gillon was bound over by the Bradford magistrates. A meeting was subsequently held at Tommy Kelly's, when the referee ordered them to meet again on the 21st, but Gillon not appearing within an hour of the time, he decided in favor of Phelan.

Aquatics.

GREAT SCULLING RACE ON THE THAMES.

BETWEEN

THOMAS HOARE AND RANDOLPH COOK, FOR £100.

Since the grand display of pluck and skill witnessed in the struggle between Hoare and Cannon, we have had no race which has interested the rowing public so much as the present; the brilliant achievements of Hoare, on the one hand, giving his friends the greatest confidence in the result of any match in which he might be engaged, while the respect which several good judges had for Cook's powers—though founded on perhaps less reliable evidence—made lookers-on hesitate, and fancy that Cook might after all be the clipper his friends reported, and equal to the task of lowering the Hammersmith Pet's colors. How far they were justified in their imaginings it is now our task to record; but we shall first give a brief account of the men and their chief performances.

Thomas Hoare, of Hammersmith, though only in his twenty-third year, has already numerous victories to his name. For the present race, he trained as usual at the White Heart, Barnes, and was brought to the post in first-rate condition, weighing about 10st. He rowed in a Jewitt.

Randolph Cook, of Oxford, is twenty-one years old, stands 5ft. 8in., and weighed 10st 11lb. With the exception of winning the Coat and Badge at the Thames National in 1863, and a scullers' prize at the Sons of the Thames Regatta, when he beat Biffen, his public performances as a sculler have been of the most limited description. He was put under Kelly's tuition for the present race. The customary preliminaries having been arranged, the men got into position, Cook having the inside. The excitement among the spectators was now intense and betting became very brisk, the current rates being 5 to 2 on Hoare. Mr. J. Ireland acted as referee, and Messrs. Wilcox and Salter filled the positions of umpires for Hoare and Cook respectively. After a good deal of fiddling, caused by their mutual eagerness to get well off, they started at 3h. 43m. 44s. for

THE RACE.

Cook took the water first, and showed a trifle in front at the Star and Garter, improving his position slightly at every stroke, until opposite the Duke's Head he lead by half a length, which just clear at Simmons', and at the London Rowing Club Boat House led by a clear half length, both men up to this point appearing to row very easily. Passing the Cricket field, Hoare gained a little, and at the upper end almost overlapped his opponent, who kept rather towards the middle of the river. At the Point, Cook was still clear of Hoare, and kept this advantage to the dung wharf, where Drewitt took Hoare suddenly towards Surrey, but Cook, pulling his left, remained in front, giving him plenty of wash. Opposite Rose Bank, Hoare went under Cook's stern towards Middlesex, and getting straight, gained decidedly, until at the Crab Tree Cook had barely half a length lead. Hoare's friends now expected him to go by, but Cook was equal to the occasion, and at the Soap Works was still half a length in advance. Cook had now the best position, being inshore, while Hoare, further out, caught the wind, and was in rather lumpy water; but, in spite of these disadvantages, held his own, and just below the bridge drew up until his bow was close on to Cook's left hand scull. A few strokes further Hoare's bow just touched it, and Cook left off rowing, Hoare backing a little to clear himself. On getting to work again, Cook was nearly clear, and passed under Hammersmith Bridge, leading by half a length, at 3h 53m 28sec, being 9m 44sec from the start. At Hammersmith the water was much rougher than at the start, giving us a foretaste of what we might expect in Corney Reach, and delighting Hoare's party, who considered Cook greatly his inferior in lumpy water, but, contrary to expectation, the Oxford man kept ahead to the Doves, where both had to come out to clear a barge. Turning into Corney Reach the water was very rough, and the wind blew a dead noser. Hoare now gained a trifle, and at the Oil Mills was at last level, soon showing ahead, and leading by nearly a length at the bottom of the Ait, which was reached at 3 hours 57 min. 25 sec. Kelley now took Cook into the smooth water in shore, but the Hammersmith man clearly had the game in his hands, and though rowing in the middle of the stream, went away rapidly, and at Chiswick Church was five lengths ahead. The race was now over, Cook being palpably exhausted, and Hoare, pulling more lively than at the start, led up Barnes Reach by a long distance, passing under the bridge 39 seconds ahead of his opponent, and receiving a perfect ovation from the White Hart, his training quarters. For the rest of the distance he eased several times, arriving at the ship at 4 hours 11 min. 20 sec., winning by about eight lengths in 27 min. 36 sec. from the start. On coming on board the umpire's boat, both men were loudly cheered, Hoare, of course, receiving the lion's share of the applause. After a few minutes' rest he went round the boats, and, we are glad to say, collected a good round sum for the beaten man.—*Sporting Life*, Nov. 22.

Pedestrianism.

EXCITING CONTEST BETWEEN TWO AMATEUR PEDESTRIANS.

FOR £200 A SIDE.

For some time past the sporting Johnny Bulls—especially those with pedestrianism on the brain—resident in and around ye ancient cities of Manchester and Chester, Eng., have been on the *qui vive* as to the result of a match arranged between two amateur peds. named J. Hitchen, of the Cottonopolis, and J. Ellis, who hails from the other burgh, to contend in a spin of 200 yards for the handsome stake of £400 in the coin of the realm. When the match was first ventilated the amount of the stakes proposed to be run for caused many to have grave doubts as to the genuineness of the affair; but as the match progressed and the men came down regularly with the "yellow boys," all such apprehensions were proven unfounded, and the match was invested with an interest which seldom attaches to events of this description. About 3,500 persons visited the grounds of the Royal Oak Park, Manchester, on Nov. 20th to witness the sport, and speculation was rife among the betting fraternity. Both men were comparatively unknown to fame, Hitchen's public performances being limited to one or two handicaps, and his opponent never having peaked for trial of speed in the pedestrian circle. Hitchen was born in Cheshire, is 22 years of age, 5 feet 9 inches in height, and weighs 10 stone. Ellis was placed in "probation" at Chester, is 21 years old, 5 feet 6 inches in height and scales 8 stone 4 pounds. He took his breathings under the watchful eye of Wm. Richards, who, it will be remembered, ran the fastest mile on record, viz.: 4 m. 17¼ sec. The odds of 4 to 1 were offered on Hitchen prior to the race. Punctual to the moment the men appeared attired for the struggle, and after three-quarters of an hour was cut to waste, the pistol was fired and the men bounded away to a very even start. Hitchen gaining a slight advantage after about fourteen yards had been traversed. Here Ellis drew himself together, and made a manful struggle to stick to his adversary, and so far succeeded that they ran together for more than 100 yards. At this point Hitchen thought it high time to show what he could do, and left his "friend" Ellis tailing behind him. Ellis again essayed to "collar" Hitchen, but this time unsuccessfully, and although he ran to the finish, it was patent to all that the race was from this point over. At twenty yards from home Hitchen seemed to slacken his pace, which enabled the Chester man to draw a little closer; but that was all he did, for Hitchen ran in and was declared the winner by five yards. Time, 21¼ sec. Hitchen, who appeared no way distressed, was heartily received by his admirers, and his condition reflected the highest credit on his trainer, John Neary, who attended him.

SKITTLE MATCH UP TOWN.—On Thanksgiving eve, Dec. 6th, according to appointment, Bill and Bob Cleaver met Messrs. Bradley and Williams, at King's Skittle Grounds, No. 157 West 41st street, to contend in a match at skittles for a small stake. The terms of the match were to play twelve chalks up, the Cleaver brothers giving their opponents four chalks, and at the odds the C's were the favorites in betting. At about 8 P. M., the parties met as above, and after an hour and a half's good play, the brothers came out victorious by the skin of their teeth. At one time the game stood 11 to 7 in favor of the soap manufacturer and his pard, and when the Cleavers caught up to them it became very exciting, as there were four ties on floorers before the victory was achieved, and had it not been for Tooping's pulling up at the finish, it might have been all up with Bill, as well as Bob. During the progress of the match there were some 15 or 16 floorers between them, and as Williams had to do nearly all the playing on his side, the closeness of the match shows him to be quite an artist at knock-'em-downs. At the conclusion, arrangements were entered into to play a home and home match between four of the Brewery Shades players and four of the Half-way House (Cleaver's) players, for $25 a side, the first of which will take place at No. 320 Eighth Avenue on the evening of Tuesday, 19th.

CANINE.

DOG FANCIER'S LEVEE IN PHILADELPHIA.—The pressure upon our columns last week compelled the omission of an account of a dog dispute which occurred in the city of broadbrim hats and beautiful squares on Nov. 27, the principals to which were the Philadelphia dog Nailor and the equally well known Baltimore canine Spring, who met for a purse of $400. This was Nailor's fourth encounter, his last match being with Harry Jennings' famous dog Sweep, whom he placed *hors du combat* after a lengthy and desperate struggle. He was trained and handled by Charley O'Donald, of Philadelphia. Spring was an old stager, having fought in Scotland, Ireland and England prior to his importation to this country. He was trained and handled by Pat Carroll, of old Filly. Nailor was the favorite at long odds, but the result proved that his backers reckoned without their host for after battling over three hours Spring was declared the victor. The winner was so severely injured that he died three days after the fight.

A DOGOLOGICAL CONTROVERSY is to take place at Harry Steckrod's pit, in Louisville, Ky., on the 26th inst., at 31½lbs. weight, between P. McCormick's dog, of Cincinnati, and Ben Stevington's dog, of Kentucky; either dog exceeding the stipulated weight to forfeit the battle money. The battle is to be conducted according to the New York rules, and a "bully" fight is expected, as Punch and Sweep, by which names the dogs are known, have each fought long battles, Sweep having been engaged in one which occupied 2 hours 45 minutes.

CANINE CHALLENGE.—We are requested to state that Dan Noble has a dog, 13lbs. weight, which he will match against any dog of that weight in the United States, for from $200 to $2000.

AMUSEMENTS.

AMUSEMENT AND WEALTH.

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JEROME LUBIN will exhibit at Leate's Hall, Washington, Dec. 11th, 12th and 13th. FREDERICK LUBIN will exhibit at Williamsburg 15th and 16th. Both combined will exhibit in New Brunswick the 18th, 19th and 20th, and for the Catholic Fair at Paterson the 25th and 26th.

NOTE.—Prof. Herrmann, where will a parcel reach you on or about second week in January.
Prof. Nickle call on us. [36-1t*] Amir of Aga call on us.

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The undersigned has in preparation, and will shortly publish in two volumes, a complete History of the American Stage. Proprietors of Halls in every city, town and hamlet in the country, will please send me a full description of their buildings, stating when built, when opened, and the entertainment given; also, seating capacity, and nightly and weekly rent; if it has a stage, the size, number of dressing rooms, how lighted, etc. If opened for theatrical performances, when and by whom. In fact, every particular that would be of interest to the public, as well as traveling companies.
The immediate attention of proprietors of halls is called to this, as no charge will be made, and it will be a good advertisement for their places. Address T. ALLSTON BROWN,
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AMUSEMENTS.

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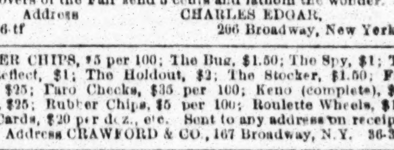

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FROM THE LONDON SPORTING LIFE.

TOM was originally intended for a shoemaker, the trade of his father, "Old Tan," as the Brightonians termed him, by reason of that bronze-like tinge which was duly transmitted to his son. The last and awl had no charms for the future champion, and he was wont to tell in his heyday how he once put on the shoes, or boots, of the customers when they were brought to be mended, and ran off with them into the fields, where, with old stockings wrapped round his hands for gloves, he had many a friendly set-to. When he had laid his last brick, and put on "the mittens" as a profession, he sparred all over London for "browns," and was soon known as quite a merryless in his bouts. His white flannel jacket was seen at every mill, and no one was fonder of helping to build the ring, or used the beadle with such flourish and effect. So long as he was in health, be it where it might, he retained that playful knack of jumping about, always keeping one side to you, and gesturing with the thumb over his right shoulder. He once fought the late Jemmy Massey at Jack Hoare's night-house in the Haymarket, for a mere lark, with nothing but his rear end, and never let him slip round to the front, and if he visited his backers and found a child about, he might be seen on his knees telling the little fellow to "hit me as hard as you can," and then solemnly pretending to fall from the severity of the exchanges.

Winning a fight was the one end and aim of his existence, and whatever weight or inches he might be giving away, he spoke of the bare probability of defeat as if it were an eternal disgrace. When he was training at Hadlow to fight Paddock, a well-to-do man tried to tempt him—"I can't make no terms with you," said Tom, "you must see my backer, but whatever he does, I must 'cop' (win) at the finish." After such a hopeless confession of faith, the "well-to-do gentleman" rested from his labors. Tom was a very original fighter, and so active that he might be said to have introduced pedestrianism into the ring. He practised falling as assiduously as he did the dumb-bells, and often only kept just within the letter of the law. Deaf Burke used sometimes to put the question to his backers: "Shall I goes in and finish hims, or shall I prolongs the fights?" but except in the second bout with Benjamin, Tom was never in a hurry to finish, and rather illustrated the real art of self-defence—how to win without punishment. Cross-countering and quickness in getting away were as much his *forte* as good falling. His cross-counter was terrific. He would get up to his man, baulk him twice, step back as if to his corner, and then meet him and put on the right. He learnt from nobody, copied nobody, and never sparred during his training. He left his "22 carat Hall mark,' as Mr. Gideon used to say, on every man he met. Dan Collins had it in perfection, and delighted to descry it among his brother martyrs. Heenan had a gash under his left eye, the result of the sixth and seventh rounds; and Aaron Jones' eye was cut so neatly that his surgeon asked if it had not been done with an instrument. It was "Please accept this token," with not a few of the "Sepoys," when Tom went to the rescue of Mr. I'Anson at the Blink Bonny Doncaster riot, and put in "the auctioneer" at once. His pet spot was not the eye, but between the eyes, so as to send a man all abroad if possible. He never would be instructed by his seconds, and his instructions to them were sufficiently epigrammatic:—"*Never you give in for me; I shall know when I'm licked.*" He liked being valetted at the ring-side, though he was no valet himself, and he grew quite impatient if his man, from ignorance or weakness, could not go and do all he told him. Sparring never was his *forte*; he required a great audience and a sky over his head to mettle him up; and once, at Jerry Noon's benefit, at Saville House, Bendoff knocked him "all over the shop." It was, however, a bitter triumph for the plater, as he was at once matched against Sims, and well beaten. Still, Tom never got a black eye from "a flat," and he used to chaff his brothers in arms rarely if he could trace theirs to such an ignominious source.

Except in one instance, when he utterly despised Bill Benjamin, he was the most regular and patient of men in training. He would get "roughed up" a little for three weeks, and then seven or eight more sufficed to get him thoroughly fit, as even when he was fighting at 10st 10lb he never had more than a stone to pull off. The exercise and regimen suited him, and he seemed to gather stamina rather than lose it in these repeated preparations for a June or January trip down the Thames or Medway. His hair, of which a bit was generally brushed over his forehead, was always intermixed with grey, and when he appeared in the paddock at Epsom he wore quite a grizzly or "sable-silver beard." His nose was slightly broken at the end, and he had two or three artificial teeth on the top row, which he, of course, always took out when he fought. His lips were nicely set, and there was quiet decision in the rather sunken and deep grey eye, which "never left" its opponent, and measured distance to a hair's breadth. The shoulders were his most striking point, and broad enough for a man of 15st, but no amount of training could bring up and harden the muscles of his arms, and yet his left-handed hitting especially was tremendous. Across the loins he was very ordinary; his thighs were big, and his legs and calves rather small, but he stood well on his feet, which were by no means large. He was pretty patient in the photographer's hands till one or two negatives had been taken, and then his features wearied, and in two photographs by Maul and Polyblank, of Piccadilly, one in fighting costume and the other in full dress, taken scarcely twenty minutes after each other, there seems a difference of nearly as many years.

Such was his docility in training, that when he was training, during a hot summer, near Tunbridge, in order to fight Paddock, he quite fell in with Mr. Gideon's suggestion that he should walk without a hat, so that he might not feel the effects of the sun so much, in case he lost the toss. He had won a foot race in his day, and his powers of walking were remarkable; and hence all the hill work about Rottingdean, the Dyke, and the race course never distressed him. Still the road between Hadlow and Tunbridge was his favorite bit of ground, and he was always delighted when the time came to pack up the traps and leave Brighton for the final Kentish polish. He was up in the morning by daylight, summer and winter, and played about, after being sponged and dressed, in the field for a couple of hours before breakfast, finding birds' nests, or snow balling, as it was the season, and then came back to breakfast, which consisted of a couple of mutton chops and plenty of dry toast, and the yolk of an egg in a breakfast cupful of tea, with no milk. Soon after Mr. Gideon became one of his backers, he persuaded him to use isinglass. Tom took fright at first, and went to his doctor with a most comical inquiry as to its poisonous properties, and being reassured, took to it most kindly, beginning with half an ounce in his tea, which was increased to an ounce during the Farnborough preparation. Wet or fine, he "trained his trainer," and gave that worthy his fourteen or fifteen miles before dinner, getting back by half past twelve to Brill's Bath's, where he had a dip at 100 to 103 degrees, followed by a thorough rub down, and a cold salt water shower bath. At dinner he generally drank a half pint of ale or a glass of port, and his "pudding" was a half pint tumbler of jelly, made by putting isinglass into a glass of sherry or port, with a squeeze of a lemon and hot water, and leaving it to stand for some hours. He laughed at the ideas of old trainers cutting off the potatoes and greens, and argued strictly from the bowels on this head.

After dinner, he had the sporting papers read to him (more especially THE CLIPPER, which Frank Queen, of New York, sent him), and discussed the transatlantic style of fighting. On a Saturday this sitting was more prolonged, and he was always anxious to get his morning's walk and bath over, so as to hear what the London papers said about him. If he had dictated any message to them early in the week, he would never allude to it again, but he was grumpy if it had not been put in exactly after his fashion. Hockey or football, or sauntering along the beach and throwing stones into the sea, completed the day, which on principle was spent almost entirely in the open air. Dry toast, a new-laid egg, and isinglass in the tea, made up his bill of fare, and perhaps a little gruel, or port wine and water for "a nightcap." Then came the great rubbing-down with a liniment called "the nine oils," which had been recommended to him by the late Charley Jenkinson. If it was cold weather, he was finally rubbed from head to foot with whiskey, and, as he never lay down during the day, he was not sorry to get to bed, and have his seven or eight hours. His backers had scarcely ever any occasion to exhort him to steadfastness in the pursuit of muscle, as his horror of being carried to his corner deaf to time was equivalent to an ordinary mortal's dread of being spirited off by the wood-demon.

He was so little known when he began with Aby Crouch, that the *Life* merely said that two men had met on a Monday, and had a "merry mill," for a purse, down the river. In fact, it was only a bricklayer's rough-and-tumble affair. Ben Viddler, of Camden Town, was good for part of "the pony" in his next fight with Dan Collins, but Tom had become a sparrer before this, and was known at Jem Burn's and the Broomes', and had Peter Crawley as his professional mentor. One of his hands went in this fight, but they became calloused from that time forward, and his true Belcherian two-handed hitting was specially noticed. Mr. John Garrett, of the Old Copenhagen Grounds, took him in tow, when he was matched against Jack Grant, for the championship of the middle weights. About this time he was seldom away from the Copenhagen Grounds, and could race and stay with some of the best men in training there. He used to ride a little pony, with his legs almost on the ground, throw back somersaults, chuck himself off it, and play clown for the party, but he never indulged in any practicals at their expense. When the fight came off he was very merciful, and would not fall on the gallant Jack when he found that he had him at last in his power.

A gallant captain of the 79th Highlanders was his leading supporter when he began to give away weight and met Jack Martin in West Australian's year; and Jack Atcheler, the great city knackerman, also found a bit of the money. Jack's house was his home; and he was seldom away from the establishment at Battle Bridge. He would poleaxe a horse or drive the cart, or do anything, and the old man always addressed him in his favorite phrase, "Take care of the cat's meat," when he was very anxious about his fighting condition. He showed immense improvement in this fight upon his old style, and breaking through Jack's guard, clever as he was, made a fatal use of his "auctioneer" on the left eye. He always attributed his defeat by Nat Langham that autumn to being tied down by orders to wait and not force the fighting. Ever after that he listened to no one. 'I'll fight my own way," he would say to his seconds; "you've nothing to do with it but to pick me up and keep me clean." It was about this time that he went into the public line at the Bricklayer's Arms, York street, Camden Town, where he pretty nearly lost everything but his condition. Being a beer-shop, he had only one lamp, and he vainly tried to entice "Ould Nat" out again, and stake the two Champion lamps to that one.

'Charley Chaddock" was behind him, along with the captain, in his fight with Sims, whose public trials had been very high, but a terrific blow from the right on the brow, in the fourth and last round, settled him, and, like Dan Collins, he lived to follow his victor to the grave. This was in February, 1854, and Tom had no match on until the end of the next year. In sooth, he was in such a despairing way for lack of a job, that if Harry Poulson, who was a much heavier man, but hardly so tall, had not stood in the breach, he would have sailed for Australia. The odds were sadly against Tom on the day. His love of the noble art landed him, with some other professors, in Ipswich gaol, for acting as second in the fight between Hayes and Massey, at Bentley, in Suffolk. He was thus not only stopped in his work, but he was behind Nat Langham's bar till nearly midnight, the day before, waiting for some part of his fighting costume. When the morning did come, the frost was so keen, and cab-traveling so difficult, that the train very nearly left the station without him. Mr. Gideon lost heavily on the fight, but he was so struck with Tom's endurance and talent, during the 3 hours and 18min, that he claimed him for the old country, and never left him after.

It was, however, in his fight with Aaron Jones, on January 6, 1857, that Tom came out "the great man." The *venue* was an island in the Medway, and the snow and sleet cut the faces of "the Fancy" like bits of glass. His lion heart was never more sorely taxed, as he was seized, after a second or two, with cramp in the stomach, which lasted for three-quarters of an hour. "Forewarned is forearmed." Mr. Gideon had brought down a Skinner's bachelor's kettle with him, as well as an iron devil, and, having lighted a fire, he and Jemmy Welsh (who seconded Tom for the first time) literally kept the pot boiling, and continued to supply him at intervals with warm brandy and water, and a cup of tea as well. These tonics brought about a revival, and Tom danced about his man, propped him, "gave him one to nothing," and finally succeeded, just as it became dark, in making a draw of it, after three hours. He never had cramp before or after, and it was a miracle how he saved the fight. Mr. F. Swindell fancied Jones, and had an even bet of £100 that he won when they next met. This was on February 10, of the same year, and, in order to decide another bet. Tom weighed at the late Dan Dismore's the day before, and only drew 10st. 10lb, while Aaron was known to be over 12st. Tom's growing superiority became more manifested than ever, as he stuck to outfighting, and in the eighty-fifth round knocked Aaron off his pins with a terrific half-armed right-hander. The first fight with Jones was very cleverly managed, as handbills were distributed throughout the sporting houses to say that a first and second class train would leave the Great Northern Station at a certain hour "at ordinary fares." Hundreds went thither, and found the regular train starting punctually enough, while those in the secret traveled by train to Tilbury, and dropped down the river by boat from Tilbury Fort. Tom got the whole of the stakes at a select dinner of twelve at Nat Langham's, then of the Cambrian Stores, and was presented with his first testimonial, to wit, a silver cup, by Captain Webster. After that ceremony, Jemmy Massey, who thought he had a good thing, offered to match the Tipton Slasher against the guest of the evening, and his "fiver" was covered in a trice. Old K-legs, when he heard of it, could hardly conceive "how a 10st. 10lb. man can lick me." Tom saw the thing in a different light, as they had once wound up at the Slasher's own benefit, at the Parthenon Rooms, and he quite thought he had the best of the bout. He trained for this fight at Battle, with Jem Burn's "Jack Sheppard" and Jem Handley, and presented the latter with a very valuable diamond ring as a memento, and it is on record that the inner-ring money, £47 2s. 6d., was never exceeded.

Nat Langham was Tom's chief esquire, and they had very nearly played a losing game, as in the very first round Tom received that blow on the kidneys when he half turned round to get away from the big 'un's charge, which he remembered for many a year. It was, in fact, the only blow that he ever felt. After this he was more cautious, and led the old Slasher such a murderous dance all over the ring, landing as he liked on the eye, nose or jaw, that he fairly broke his heart in 1 hour 42 min. Old Jack Atcheler died soon after this, but not until he had seen Tom at last girded with the heavy-weight belt. He had scarcely time to try it on when Harry Broome brought out Bill Benjamin, and "Farmer Bennett" appeared on the scene as another of Tom's great backers. Tom Garrett (own brother to his old friend John) trained him at Tunbridge, which was as partial to him as Camden Town, and Harry Brunton seconded him for the first time. He and Bill Hayes soon learned from his lips that Benjamin was "a flat," and "it's all over," and so it was in three rounds. This was in January, 1858, and in June Tom was out as usual, to fight Paddock for £150 a side, £10 of which had been down even before the fight with Benjamin. Those who thought to see the fight cheap were done again by another of Mr. Gideon's manœuvres, as the special stopped at Greenhithe, where a steamboat was in readiness to drop down to "the island." Paddock's best day was then past, and after being quite outfought from end to end, the game fellow staggered into the ring, and groped helplessly for his adversary, and Tom, amid thunders of applause, grasped his right hand, patted him on the head, and led him back to his corner.

The battle-money was given up at the Victoria Theatre, with Joey Jones as the Cicero of the night, and Tom never made a better thing of it, as what with the £300 battle-money, the £170 which were Mr. Gideon's and Mr. Bennett's profits from the train, which they generously handed over to him, and his color money to boot, he received nearly £600. He was also presented with Tom Cribb's silver cup and the very belt which had been buckled on to that old British lion in December, 1811, after he defeated Molineux, the black. In Cribb's case, the Castle Tavern, Holborn, was the scene of action, and Emery, the great comedian of that day, took the chair; but the trophies had passed through many ignoble hands since then, and were sold among a lot of unredeemed pledges at Debenham and Storr's. It was an interesting fact in connection with Tom's Victoria benefit, that the late Sam Collins, who sang and danced that night, had held the hod for him in his bricklayer days.

After this, Tom began to star about the country with little Jack Percival, of Panton street, as his *aide de camp;* but he was recalled to his post by another challenge from Benjamin. He despised his man so much that, although he went to his training quarters again, he would do regular work for no living soul, and it was no use trying to drive him. He cared far more for the harriers than his horse hair brushes, and really went into the ring an untrained man. He received so heavily on the nose in the first round that he got quite pricked, and going right in at his man, soon made a "transformation scene." "*Serve me right,*" he said, when the fight was over, "*if I had got licked. I'll never give up training again.*"

After putting out Bob Brettle's shoulder, he was matched with "The Great Unknown," and at last the serious work for Farnborough began. He was at Brighton for three weeks and then Mrs. Lovick's, 21, Piper-buildings, Newmarket, was the *locale*, with Jem Handley and Bob Fuller to look after him. It was a nice quiet spot, with a meadow for football near it, where they practised for two hours daily. On the Friday before the fight, when Tom came in from his walks, there was a regular bevy of police from Cambridge watching the house, and they would not depart in peace till Mr. Gideon went to head quarters, and gave a pledge that the fight would not come off in Cambridgeshire. On the Sunday morning which preceded the Epsom Spring Meeting, Tom walked into Sam Rogers's house, and getting, with Sam's blessing, into a van which was fitted up with a mattrass, was started off in a heavy train of horse boxes, along with a stable boy, who was instructed to keep his head persistently out of the slide whenever they stopped at a station. When they got to Shoreditch, Tom stepped out of his lair, clad in an Inverness wrapper, and disguised most effectually in a wig and a beard, which Mr. Gideon had borrowed from his friend, Mr. Shepherd, of the Royal Surrey Theatre, who had just used them for Tom Robinson, in 'Never Too Late to Mend.' Mr. Bennett met him, and took him to Mr. Gideon's home, No. 37 Gower street, where he had his mutton chop and boiled custards for supper, and so to bed. On Monday morning he rode out with Mr. Bennett in a brougham to Hampstead Heath, where he played about all day in the beard and wig, and dined off a boiled leg of mutton at Jack Straw's Castle, without a soul knowing him. Newmarket, almost to a man, thought he was still there, as Jem Handley went out towards dark and walked about most assiduously in his toggery. Tom slept that night in one of the servants' rooms at the London Bridge Station, and Mr. Gideon tucked him up early and left him to his slumbers, with the impression that never did man more realise the expression "as fine as a star." His seconds awoke him at half-past three, got him his tea, mutton chops and captain's biscuits, and the events of that morning are known.

When the fight was over, he returned with Mr. Bennett and Mr. Gideon to Gower street, and had a hot bath and a dose of castor oil and clean clothes, and after bathing his mouth (the only bruised part about him) with hot milk, slept on the sofa for nearly four hours. He then woke up to a cup of tea and some broiled salmon, which, although always a moderate eater, he fairly devoured after his long abstinence from it. Cold fried fish was always a great fancy of his at the fights, and no one was a better customer to Harry Savage, its ring-side purveyor. His right arm was not slung up till the next day, and then, wearing a patent leather sling and clad in a nice suit, he looked quite a Crimean hero as he attended at the *Life* office. Heenan was not to be seen, and Mr. Gideon in vain offered Mr. Falkland £100 to produce his man, and have the pair photographed together. The Home Secretary then awoke from his dormouse sleep into a state of violent activity with his notices, and it was to the end of his life a thorn in Tom's pillow that he could never fight again. He never made any remarks on the fight beyond saying that he never hurt himself when he fell, and recalling the sixth round, when he followed Heenan to his corner and peered into his face like a painter enraptured with his own handiwork. His "auctioneer" soon came round, but it was a barometer as long as he lived.

While the Chief Baron Nicholson kept the Gordon Hotel, in Covent Garden, Tom generally slept there the night before his fights, and one bedroom was known as "Tom's own." He gave "old Nick" a benefit at the Cider Cellars soon after Farnborough, and putting him into his first dress suit of black was a great game of those who "assisted." Henceforward, he was rather fond of dress, which was half Haymarket, half "hossy," but the leopard-colored rug and a pair of jackboots with "Champion of England" worked into the front of them were the chief delight of his eyes. It would have turned any one's head to have the whole world after him as Tom had at Chester, the next month. Thousands stood for hours below the Blossoms Inn, and he was obliged over and over again to go to the window and bow. The audience rose and cheered when he entered the theatre, and followed him wherever he went. Some even offered high sums to shake him by the hand, but he did not sell his grips. At Liverpool, the horse was taken out of his cab, and he and Jack Coney were drawn in triumph from the station to their hotel.

Mr. Gideon tried hard to persuade him to settle in a gymnasium in Piccadilly, just opposite Sackville street, which Julia Pastrana, the Talking Fish, and the Learned Raven had held in turn, but he never would take to it. He once gave lessons with Alec Keene to the officers at Knightsbridge, and "stood to be shot at" by a heavy-weight pupil. A large party of friends assembled one day to see the big 'un again "beat the Champion," but Tom's patience was exhausted. He whispered to Alec, "*I must cheese this, and let him have the auctioneer if he comes it too strong.*" The officer was in his greatest form, but out went the auctioneer and down went the swell; and Tom and Alec, who got £4 a week each, were told they need to call no more at the barracks. At one time Bill Craufurd, of the Britannia, tried hard to teach him the "Grecian Statues," as well as *Orson*, but he wouldn't try to learn. He liked better seeing 'the Perfect Cure" imitate himself and "stand just so," and to bow his thanks from the stage at Weston's. Really and truly, he was a "single-speech Hamilton." Every man has an inspiration once in his life, and, at St George's Hall, Southwark, he once held up the belt, and got safely through twenty lines without a falter. As a general thing it was just, "Gentlemen, I'm much obliged to you for drinking my health. I'm very much obliged to you. [Bow.] All I know is, that whenever I goes to fight I always does my best to win—[cheers]—I'll win if I can. Thank you, gentlemen." [Immense cheering, during which the honorable chairman resumed his seat.] Owing to this costive tongue he did not 'draw" as a chairman when the Farnborough recollections grew fainter, and he had moreover no more voice than a seal. Still he was very funny and tricky at times among the Whitechapel sages, &c., but he always seemed in his finest form at Jack Coney's, of the Californian Stores, Panton street, where he mostly arrived in company with his dog. His brother-pugs did not like him when he got up in the world, as he had not the bump of generosity. Still he would pay the expenses readily enough of burying a friend; and he never failed to appear at a benefit if he had really passed his word. His punctuality in leaving his circus at Coventry and coming by a late train to Bill Craufurd's benefit at the Britannia led to his engagement as clown, with his mules Pete and Barney (one of which has been stolen), at that theatre. The manager gave him £10 a week, and £5 extra for day performances as long as the pantomime ran, which proved to be ten or eleven weeks. He said nothing, but 'jumped about very fairly," and made up so well that no one knew him. As in the ring, he was always up to time, and often waiting for minutes at the wing ready for the call.

Still, somehow or other, he had no luck with what he earned, and muddled much of his money away. He reversed his ring tactics, as he was now all for "receiving." Nothing but physical power impressed him, and for patronage, however high, he cared very little. Betting was not his turn; he made it a rule to go to the Derby, but he formed no attachment to great horses. He found £50 of Heenan's battle money, besides seconding him without charge, but that was, we believe, a solitary instance, and he seldom backed his fancy at a race or a fight for more than a sovereign. He rode well to harriers, and was a perfect coachman. *Apropos* of his "life is rig," a good story is told. The clergyman of a village in the neighborhood of London having missed his "bus," and not feeling inclined to walk, confided his dilemma to Mr. W. P. Warner, of the Welsh Harp, Hendon. He was told that there was a gentleman at the bar who was just about to start thither with his gig, and that he would give him a lift with pleasure. His reverence was delighted with his luck; and being duly introduced, away he went with his new friend. As they drew near London the former became conscious that everybody was staring at them, and at last he ventured to allude to the fact: "Really, sir, I don't think there's anything so very odd about our appearance, but everybody is staring at one or the other of us; can you explain it?" "Well, sir," said the driver, "the truth is—my name's Tom Sayers." "Oh! indeed!" rejoined the astonished querist, "then perhaps, sir, you will have the kindness to set me down at once." "Can't do that," was Tom's reply, "I promised Mr. Warner to take you along with me to London; you got in of yourself, and now go on you must." It was no use demurring; and so the worthy pair drove into the metropolis, where "the masses" became more and more demonstrative and cordial in their greetings of Tom, as it flashed across them that the champion had at last followed the fashion, and set up a private chaplain.

He always liked to have the fight read to him, and to make his running comments. "Read me that round over again," he would say, "that page's all wrong. I was at the corner, and I see him do," so and so. His memory upon these points was most tenacious, and I could get up and illustrate his text most energetically. To the last he yearned for another fight with Heenan or Mace, but his backers had landed him just eleven years and one month after his first battle, and they would not let him run a chance of being licked. So, he possessed his soul in patience, and "went fitting" with Howes and Cushing. That was really the death of him; he was not weaker on his legs, but his nerves gradually failed with such an exciting life, and he began to crave for brandy. This time last year he looked so ill at the Croydon Steeplechases, that ever poor Bill Broome, his old sparring pal, offered to bet him a sovereign, at the bar of the booth, that he would die first; and at the Lewes Spring Meeting he was stretched on the grass in the sunshine, and seemed very weary and weak. His doctor's letter has told the rest. Little was given to him, and let us trust that little will be required; and although many noble and many learned sleep by his side, as years roll on, few graves will be sought for more reverently than the dauntless, unlettered Tom's, or point a deeper moral.

"A PUGILIST'S BURIAL."

"A Muscular Christian" writes to the London *Daily Telegraph* under the above head, and ridicules the idea of raising a monument to Sayers' "virtues and fame." We extract the following passage from the letter:

There is, I suppose, no particular objection to this notable scheme. The nucleus of a regular group of storied urns and animated busts, dedicated to the memories of deceased members of the P. R., and entitled "Pig's Corner," might even be afforded by Mr. Sayers' grand marble tomb without the facts provoking stern rebuke. Fantastic, not to say grotesque, performances of the stonemason's hand, governed by the average pork butcher's or publican's invention are there already. Near the newly-turfed grave of Tom Sayers is the striking sarcophagus of Mr. Atcheler, the eminent horse slaughterer, surmounted by a noble animal of the Suffolk Punch breed, whose head is drooped sadly as if to shed a pensive tear. The sentiment is to a slight extent marred by the reflection that, of all living creatures the least likely to be, metaphysically speaking, "cut up," by the death of a knacker, would be a horse. In a position more removed from the locality of the pugilist's grave is another noteworthy tomb—that of Wombwell, whose name is dear to our earliest remembrance, as being in itself a perfect guarantee for the excellence of a wild-beast show. A corpulent lion, rather sleepy than sorrowful, crouches in a comfortable posture on the top of this imposing monument, whereon the King of Showmen is called, with euphuistic disparagement, a "menagerist." One cheerfully composite sepulchre is, like the coffin of Chang Woo Gow—formerly of Fychow, now of Piccadilly, giant and philosopher—tenantless. Long may its proprietor live to be edified and improved by the many quotations, from the didactic division of Enfield's "Speaker," neatly cut upon its polished base. There is a monument to poor Thain, the policeman, who was shot by a forger he was bringing home in custody from the Continent. Several cricketers of celebrity are buried in this picturesque and spacious place of sepulture, the most conspicuous name being that of Lillywhite, which is inscribed on a very handsome memorial of that famous player, raised as a mark of respect by the Marylebone Cricket Club. In prize-fighters, however, Highgate Cemetery has heretofore been weak. A few of inferior note lie buried there, in common graves; but Sayers is the first really well-known boxer whose coffin has entered those wide and handsome gates. This is the more singular, viewed with the fact that Kensal Green can boast many celebrated names in the annals of the ring. Brompton, too, is not deficient of such lustre as the modern gladiator's reputation can shed upon it. Here, if I am not mistaken, is the readily discernable tomb of Jackson, whose athletic form served Sir Thomas Lawrence for a model in painting the portrait of John Kemble as Rolla, the face alone being Kemble's. So, perhaps, the Cemetery people on Highgate hill may be congratulated on the accession of Thomas Sayers to their catalogue of great names, and also on the prospect of a monument to which Wombwell's and Atcheler's shall be commonplace and unpretending.

BALL PLAY.

DEXTER vs. ALERT.

These Cumberland, Md, organizations contended in a match game for a ball on the 2d inst. The contest was very spirited, being marked by excellent play on each side, Messrs. Knorr, [how are you George?, of the Alert, and Jenkins, of the Dexter, particularly distinguished themselves by two splendid fly catches. The score:

ALERT.	H.L.	R.	DEXTER.	H.L.	R.
Fundenberg, c	1	6	Beall, c	3	3
P. J. Smith, p	2	4	Meeker, p	2	4
H. Shriver, s s	3	3	Jenkins, s s	2	4
Gephart, 1st b	3	3	McHenry, 1st b	2	3
Lowdermilk, 2d b	5	2	H. Swartzwelder, 2d b	2	2
J. P. Knorr, 3d b	3	1	Shaw, 3d b	5	0
R. Shriver, l f	3	3	L. Dowden, l f	5	0
C. F. Harrison, c f	3	2	H. C. Swartzwelder, c f	2	3
McCurdy, r f	4	2	W. Dowden, r f	3	2
Total		26	Total		20

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Alert	2	10	2	4	1	1	2	2	2	—26
Dexter	4	1	1	4	5	3	1	0	1	—20

Passed Balls—Alert, 3; Dexter, 0. Missed Flies—Alert, 4; Dexter, 1. Home Runs—Alert, 0; Dexter, 1. Struck Out—Alert, 0; Dexter, 0. Put out on Bases—Alert, 8; Dexter, 3. Fly Catches—Alert, 5; Dexter, 3. Time of Game—One hour and 4 minutes. Umpire—Mr. H. Selden, "National," Washington, D. C. Scorers, Alert—A. Shriver. Dexter—C. J. Orrick.

BUENA VISTA vs. FRIENDSHIP, JR.

A game of ball was played at Greenpoint, on the 27th ult., between the above clubs, of which we give the score:

BATTING.

BUENA VISTA.	H.L.	R.	FRIENDSHIP, JR.	H.L.	R.
Burns	0	6	Hannagan	3	5
Carthey	3	4	McDonald	2	5
Hogan	1	5	Williams	2	6
Cuff	3	4	Cuddy	1	4
Teague	3	3	Heddy	5	3
Fagan	1	6	Brogan	2	4
Conroy	2	4	Crinnion	4	3
McKeown	4	3	Kelley	3	3
Lafferty	4	3	Mannard	3	4
Total		38	Total		37

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	
Buena Vista	12	5	4	3	1	5	3	5	—38
Friendship	4	9	7	8	0	2	2	5	—37

THE NATIONAL GAME AT WASHINGTON, D. C.

A match game was played in the "rhubarbs" of the "City of Magnificent Distances" on Nov. 27, between the Active and Olympic Clubs of that village, which resulted in a well earned victory for the Actives, as will be seen by the annexed score:

BATTING.

ACTIVE.	H.L.	R.	OLYMPIC.	H.L.	R.
Miller, l f	2	2	R. Clear, p	1	3
McNamee, 2d b	2	3	Cumberland, c	4	4
Bergesser, 1st b	2	3	Conleton, s s	2	1
G. Oyster, 3d b	3	2	A. Clear, 1st b	4	0
Higgins, c f	1	3	Beach, 2d b	2	0
Kane, c	1	3	Lane, 3d b	1	1
J. Oyster, s s	1	2	Rowland, l f	1	2
Barrett, r f	2	2	Broderick, c f	2	2
Walsh, p	1	3	Fletcher, r f	1	3
Total		23	Total		16

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	
Active	7	2	10	0	4	—23
Olympic	2	3	6	3	2	—16

Umpire—Mr. J. Barrett, of the Pioneer Club. Scorers—Messrs. Entwisle and Knight.

BASE BALL AT WASHINGTON, D. C.

An interesting game of base ball was played on the 25th ult., between the Nautical and Annapolis clubs, on the grounds of the latter. The weather was all that could be desired. The playing of the former was excellent, while the latter were not by any means up to their usual standard, owing, perhaps, to the large assembly of the fair sex from the city, who were there for the express purpose of seeing their club carry the day. We append the score:

BATTING.

NAUTICAL.	H.L.	R.	ANNAPOLIS.	H.L.	R.
Speyers, r f	1	6	Ganitt, Capt., 3d b	3	1
West, 1st b	4	4	Taylor, c f	2	1
Jaques, p	3	6	Donohue, 1st b	3	1
Sturdy, 3d b	1	6	Randall, 2d b	2	1
Nicholson, c	3	5	Handy, r f	2	1
Craven, Capt., s s	2	6	W. White, p	1	2
Eaton, l f	1	7	F. White, l f	2	1
Price, 2d b	2	6	Regan, c	1	1
Green, c f	1	6	Maley, s s	2	1
Total		52	Total		10

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Nautical	8	4	15	8	10	7	0	0	0	—52
Annapolis	0	4	3	0	2	1	0	0	0	—10

Umpire—Midshipman Farrington. Scorers—E. Perkins, of the Nautical; P. G. Schwar, of the Annapolis. Time of game—Three hours. Home runs—Nautical 2, Annapolis 0.

BASE BALL AT ANNAPOLIS, MD.—An interesting match game was played at Annapolis, Md., on the 26th ult., between the Nautical Club, of the Naval Academy, and the Annapolis Club of that city, which resulted in the former achieving a splendid victory, by a score of 52 to 10. The club are all under eighteen years of age, and are said to possess great merit as players. The game was witnessed by a large assemblage of spectators, among the number several persons of distinction, including Admiral Porter and lady.

HAND BALL CHALLENGE.—John Mannix, we are authorized to state, is open to play Tom Cooke a match at hand ball for $300 a side, in three weeks from signing articles, and by calling any time at the ball alley in East 12th street, he can be accommodated and articles drawn up.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

To Correspondents.

CHESS.—We have re-examined Enigmas 506-'7, and find both correctly transcribed. You are not the first, by many, that did not solve No. 506 "in a week;" and, we doubt not, a little more study will unfold the true beauties of No. 507.

S. N. WALKER.—Your solutions are correct. Your last replied to by mail—as requested.

J. K. FULTON.—Your last, the critics tell us, may be "knocked out of time" in 4 *coups* (*pron. cowps*). Take a good look and see if "that's so."

CHAS. C. BARNES.—Let's la'af, or whistle—anything to keep our courage good.

H. A. BURY.—Welcome again after your long silence. Of the *Chess World* we know next to nothing—never saw a copy; of Herr Loewenthal's most acceptable Magazine we can conscientiously say: procure it as soon as an American agency is established. We will give due notice of that so much desired consummation.

JOHN G. BELDEN.—Many thanks for the very neat problems. We hope soon to be able to announce the Magazine at the lowest possible rates.

GEO. E. CARPENTER.—There was an error discovered in the very elaborate problem you asked us to reproduce, which accounts for the non-appearance of the solution. As corrected, you have it in our present Enigma.

Enigma No. 510.

From the Chess Player's Chronicle, 1841.

BY M. PETROFF.

at his R sq, K B 6, K 2, K Kt 2, K Kt 5th.

at K R 2, Q Kt 4, K Kt 5, Q 2, Q B 3, Q Kt 2, K B 2, K B 6. and Black Pawns at K Kt 3, and K R 4th.

White, having to play, engages (without taking the Bishop) to compel Black to give mate with his Rook in 25 moves.

Problem No. 510.

BY S. N. WALKER, A. B.

BLACK.

WHITE.

White to play and compel Black to give mate in 16 moves.

Game No. 510.

Between an Amateur of Dubuque and our contributor, O. A. Brownson, Jr., Chess Editor of the Dubuque *Times*.

EVANS GAMBIT.

Attack, Amateur.	Defence, Brownson.	Attack, Amateur.	Defence, Brownson.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	16..P to Q 5	K to his sq
2..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	17..K Kt × P	B P × Kt
3..K B-B 4	K B-B 4	18..Kt-Q Kt 5	Q R-Q sq
4..P-Q Kt 4	B × Kt P	19..B-K B 4	Q Kt-Q B sq
5..P-Q B 3	B-Q B 4	20..K R-Q B sq	K Kt-K 2
6..Castles	P-Q 3	21..P-Q R 4	P-K Kt 4
7..P-Q 4	K P × P	22..Q B-Q 2	K-Q 2
8..B P × P	K B-Kt 3	23..Q B-K sq	K R-B 2
9..Q Kt-B 3	Q B-Kt 5 (*)	24..P-Q R 5	B-Q B 4
10..Q-her R 4	Q B-Q 2	25..Kt-Q B 3	Q R-K B sq
11..K B-Kt 5 (a)	Q Kt-K 2	26..K R-B 2	P-K Kt 5
12..K Kt-his 5	P-K R 3	27..P-K Kt 3	Kt-K Kt 3
13..K B × B +	Q × K B	28..Kt-Q R 4	K Kt-K 4
14..Q × Q +	K × Q	29..K-his Kt 2	K Kt-Q 6
15..Kt × B P	K R-his 2	30..Kt × K B +	Q P × Kt, and the Attack wins the *partie*.

(*a*) The Attack here diverges from the path, and causelessly; for, having led the Defence so far, there is probable victory ahead. Thus:

11..Q to her Kt 3	Kt to Q R 4 (1)	18..Q to K Kt 6	Q-K B sq *best*
12..K B × P +	K-his B sq	19..Q B-Kt 5	Kt-Q B 3 *best*
13..Q-her B 2	K × K B	20..Q R-K sq +	Q Kt-K 4
14..P-K 5	P-K R 3 *best*	21..K Kt × Kt	Q P × Kt
15..P-Q 5	Kt-K B 3 *best*	22..K R × P +	K × K R
16..P-K 6 + *best*	K B × P	23..R-K sq +, and the Attack wins.	
17..Q P × B +	K × K P		

(1) *Two moves too late*, as we shall now show:

(*) Here is the seed that produces such a vicious crop. He should play:

9..	Q Kt to R 4	13..Q to her 2	P to Q B 4
10..K B-Q 3 *best*	K Kt-K 2	14..Q Kt-K 2	Q B-Q 2
11..P-Q 5 *best*	Castles	15..Kt-K Kt 3	P-K B 3
12..Q B-Kt 2	K Kt-his 3	16..K-his R sq, for the purpose	

of playing Kt to K sq, and then P to K B 4th. The order of battle is, for the Attack to advance his Pawns on the K's, and the Defence on the Queen's wing. The extra Pawn of the Defence ought to carry the day, if perfectly played; but a very slight error is sufficient to turn the scale against him. Mr. Paulsen's games, in defending the "Evans" are more valuable than those of any other player, past or present.—*Loewenthal's Magazine.*

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35 tf No. 22 Spruce street, New York.

To Correspondents.

JOHN D. PEDEN.—The book was duly forwarded.

A. J. K., New York.—1. Will reply next week. 2. Yes, an elementary is the "best for a beginner."

Solution of Position No. 67—Vol. XIII.

BY C. ALLEN.

White.		Black.		White.		Black.	
1..31 to	26	22 to	31	6..13 to	9	12 to	16
2..28	24	20	27	7..9	5	16	20
3..19	16	12	19	8..5	1	19	24
4..1	6	2	12	9..1	5	20	28
5..6	22	17	26	10..5		9, and wins.	

Solution of Position No. 68.—Vol. XIII.

BY "NOBODY."

Black.		White.		Black.	White.
1..19 to	23	7 to	16 (a) (best)	2..23 to 30, and draws.	
		(a)			
1..		27	18 (b)	3..15	31, and draws.
2..10	15	7	16		
		(b)			
1..		26	19 (c)	2..11	15 draws.
		(c)			
1..		7	14	2..23	32 draws.

Position No. 69, Vol. XIII. Position No. 70, Vol. XIII.

BY F. E. D., OF BROOKLYN. BY J. D. ELLWARNER.

BLACK. BLACK.

WHITE. WHITE.

Black to move and win. White to move and win.

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In consequence of the great stagnation of trade in the manufacturing districts of England, through the war having cut off the supply of cotton, a large quantity of Valuable Jewelry, originally intended for the English market, has been sent off for sale in this country, and

MUST BE SOLD AT ANY SACRIFICE!

Under these circumstances,
ARRANDALE & CO.,
acting as agents for the principal European manufacturers, have resolved upon a
GREAT GIFT APPORTIONMENT,
to be divided according to the following regulations:

Certificates of the various articles are put into envelopes indiscriminately, sealed up, and when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus showing no favoritism. On receipt of the certificate you see what you are to have, and then it is at your option to send the dollar and take the article or not. Purchasers may thus obtain a Gold Watch, Diamond Ring, or any set of Jewelry on our list for One Dollar.

SEND 25 CENTS FOR CERTIFICATE.

In all transactions by mail we shall charge for forwarding the certificates, paying postage and doing the business, 25 cents each, which must be enclosed when the Certificate is sent for. Five Certificates will be sent for $1, eleven for $2, thirty for $5, sixty-five for $10, one hundred for $15.

WHAT THE PRESS SAYS OF US.

A MAGNIFICENT ENTERPRISE.—The attention of the reader is directed to the attractive advertisement of Messrs. Arrandale & Co., found in its appropriate column. These gentlemen are the American agents for British manufacturing jewelers. A better selected, more varied or fashionable assortment of jewelry cannot be found on the Continent than Arrandale & Co. are now offering. In consequence of the complete stagnation in the European market, consequent upon the war and the cutting off of the cotton supply, the British manufacturers have shipped immense quantities of jewelry to Messrs. Arrandale & Co., as American agents, with instructions to sell the same at any sacrifice, that they may realize immediate returns. American enterprise never goes backwards, and Arrandale & Co., with the clear conception of accomplished business men, hit upon a plan at once novel and effective. Our limited space will not permit us to give the plan in full, but minute details will be found in their advertisement. We will simply add that Messrs. Arrandale & Co. occupy a high position in commercial circles as men entirely above the common trickery of trade. Their statements may be implicitly relied upon, both as to the character of their goods and the manner of disposal—ladies especially, in all parts of the country, are realizing handsome profits as agents, and if any of our fair readers desire to interest themselves in the enterprise, they may do so with perfect confidence.—*Lafayette (Ind.) Daily Courier, March* 18, 1865.

GREAT GIFT DISTRIBUTION.—A rare opportunity is offered for obtaining watches, chains, diamond rings, silver ware, etc., by Messrs. Arrandale & Co., at No. 167 Broadway. They have an immense stock of articles, varying in value, and are offered at $1 each. The distribution is very fairly done—you agree to take a certificate of a certain article, enclosed in an envelope, and are not required to pay your dollar unless you are satisfied with the article, which will certainly be worth more than that amount, and may be $50 or $100. An excellent mode this of investing a dollar.—*Sunday Times, N. Y. City, Feb* 19, 1865.

Messrs. Arrandale & Co. have long been personally known to us, and we believe them to be every way worthy of public confidence.—*N. Y. Scottish American Journal, June* 11, 1864.

EMPLOYMENT FOR LADIES.—The most eligible and profitable employment we have heard of for ladies is the sale of certificates for the Great Gift Distribution of Arrandale & Co. A lady of our acquaintance has been very successful in this way, not only in filling her own purse, but also in doing a good turn to those to whom she sold the Certificates, as will be seen in our advertising columns. Gentlemen can also be thus engaged.—*N. Y. Sunday Mercury, Aug.* 14, 1865.

The *British Whig*, of Kingston, C. W., says, Nov. 26th, 1864: "One of our lady subscribers became an agent for Arrandale & Co., and by request brought some twenty articles sent as prizes for her agency to this office for inspection, and without hesitation we can state that each and all of the articles were worth treble the amount of cost to the recipients, and some of them six times.

AGENTS.—We want agents in every regiment, and in every town and county in the country, and those acting as such will be allowed 10 cents on every certificate ordered by them, provided their remittance amounts to $1; also other inducements which can be learned on application. Agents will collect 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us either in cash or postage stamps. ARRANDALE & CO.,
36-1t* 167 Broadway, New York.

SPLENDID JEWELRY; WATCHES, DIAMONDS, &C.
FOR THE HOLIDAYS!

THE HOUSE OF BOSANQUET, GIRAUD & CO., PARIS,
Have the pleasure of announcing that they have opened an AGENCY IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK, for the sale of their WIDELY-KNOWN JEWELRY, WATCHES, &C.,
And for the purpose of making their goods as extensively known and appreciated in the United States as they now are, and have been for over 70 years, in Europe, they have determined on a plan by which poor and rich alike may have the advantage of their splendid styles. As a preliminary, they would remark that they manufacture and sell
NO IMITATION JEWELRY OR WATCHES,
But
ALL ARE WARRANTED GOLD OF THE FINEST WORKMANSHIP.

Our customers will also have the great advantage of a constant succession of NEW and RECHERCHE styles and patterns with which we shall keep our New York Agency supplied.

We have adopted the plan of sale, now so popular, of charging a uniform price, and this price will invariably be
$2 FOR EACH ARTICLE,
No matter how costly it may be. The expenses of conducting our New York Agency are paid by the sale of Certificates or Coupons representing the various articles. These Certificates are sold at 50 cents each, or five for $2, and each Certificate will show the holder the particular article he or she is entitled to, on payment of an additional $2. If the article named on the Certificate is not desired, the holder will oblige us, when he returns the Certificate, by stating what other article of the same value he or she may prefer, and it will be sent with pleasure.
OUR AIM IS TO PLEASE,
And every means to that end will be exerted. We solicit a trial from every one who reads this notice, as we are confident of giving the utmost satisfaction.

THE STOCK COMPRISES
Amongst other articles, Splendid Clocks, Gold and Silver Watches, Rings set with Diamonds, Rubies, Pearls, Garnet and other Stones, (solitaire and in Clusters), Ladies' sets of Jewelry, comprising Pins and Ear rings of the most fashionable styles, set in Precious Stones of every variety, together with a large assortment of Gold and Enamelled and Pearl Sets, Gold Studs and Sleeve Buttons of the most beautiful patterns, Gents' Bosom and Scarf Pins, and an endless variety of Bracelets, Chains, Musical Boxes, Head Dresses, Combs, Charms, &c. In case any of our patrons are not in want of Articles of Jewelry, and would prefer Silverware, we will send, for ANY CERTIFICATE returned to us, a richly engraved
SET OF CASTORS OR BUTTER DISH,
Beautifully chased and plated.

AGENTS ARE WANTED
In every part of the United States and Provinces, and to all such very liberal inducements will be offered, and, on application, a circular of terms will be forwarded. We prefer money sent in Post Office Orders where they can be obtained, or by Bank Draft to our order. Address all orders to our Agency, which will be conducted by
MESSRS. JAQUET, STERLING & CO.,
189 Broadway,
36-1t* New York.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

SKATES.

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No. 946 BROADWAY, N. Y.,
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Sole Agent for
MACMILLAN'S NEW YORK CLUB SKATES,
Either with
BRADY'S PATENT FASTENING
Or with Straps.

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Also:
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(Macmillan's Pattern,)
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A GENERAL ASSORTMENT OF
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Either with
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SKATING BOOTS, of the Latest Style.
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REPAIRING AND SHARPENING DONE.
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TEN CENT NOVELETTES. No. 26,
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A NEW BOUND BOOK—JUST OUT!
It is a most recherche and unique volume, entirely new and original, and contains six Beautiful Engravings.
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A Magnificent New Album, the Handsomest and costliest ever got up, contains
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"SCENES BY GASLIGHT;"
Or,
GENTLEMEN'S GUIDE BOOK
Through the principal Western Cities, including
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Containing the only authentic list of all Faro, Sporting, and other houses in the principal Western Cities.
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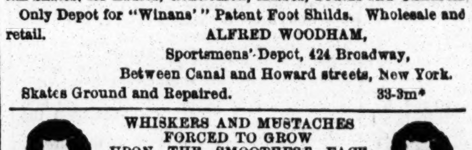

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a newly invented French instrument of intense power, can produce a perfect likeness of your future partner, with name, pecuniary circumstances, and date of marriage.
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GAME FOWLS FOR SALE.—I have for sale some of the best Game Fowls in this or any other country, bred by myself expressly for the pit. I have imported fowls sent me from Europe every year by a brother living there, who selects me the best that can be found in that country.
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TITLES: Waiting for the Wagon; Don't be Rude, Jack; Dry Goods are up; What are you looking at, Puppy? The Mouse Hunt; Got a Bite; The Rose of the Ballet; Cool; Easy over the Stones; A Very High Wind; Seeing the Elephant; Up She Goes; Come, Sir; Lacing Up; He's Coming; Good Bye; Under Full Sail; Ice Cream; Caught Out; Feeling Her Dignity, etc. These cards are positive "Button Busters." Price, plain, $2 per dozen, postage free. COLORED IN OIL, $2.50 per dozen. 10 GOOD LOOKING FELLARS, ONE EXTRA THROWN IN! Address
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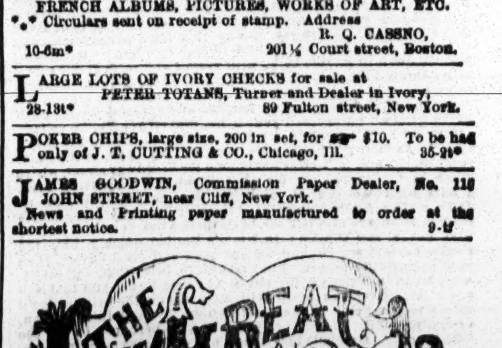

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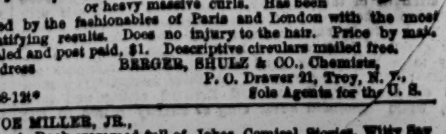

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City Summary.

MONDAY, Dec. 11, 65.

THE OTHER night, when all the earth (except defeated politicians) seemed glad, and the moon shone brightly down on good and bad, we thought we'd take a jaunt, a lonely sort of lark, to see the drama, the minstrels, the show, and mark the doings of that amusing class of imps. The pale moon still shone, resplendent as the day, as muffled in a whiskey skin, we took our way to the Bowery slope, where, when man is tired, he will find many a stopping place between Canal and Byard. Scarce sailed we in this blest abode of lager and of gin, when assailed our ears were with a horrid din that made us quake with fear and trembling, for the Bowery boys were in their might assembling. Full loud they pounded at the circus door—'twas early yet, about seven, not more; "here we are, Mister Marster, we'll come no more if you don't"—opened quick the circus door. No one e'er saw such rushes we supposes (excepting, perhaps, the party who found young Moses); over head and ears they tumbled in, in a jiffy, the trampled ones, we thought, seemed somewhat miffy; the smell of horse and sawdust in the bright arena are very perceptible to all who have ever seen a scene or two within the circus circle. Well, we saw the sights in here, and had time enough to swallow a drop of beer with our German friend, ye Montpelier, who of this show is proprietier. Tramp, tramp, tramp, the NEW YORK CLIPPER flew, cleaving our way past Bowery Old to Bowery New; we never knew such crowds before, ne'er saw them scoot so fast to get a paper pass from Jimmy Clute. "Within there, ho," did a stage-struck youth implore; we think the urchin had "been there" before; entered we within the portals wide of this dramatic temple of the eastern side—saw we the actors, saw we the ladies fair, who, in their brightest smiles, assemble there. The drama's walks we leave for scenes Pastor-al, and which the *Herald* says are very moral; crowded, the seats were, with this Pastor's flock, at only half past eight o'clock; two moral hymns we heard, two moral dances saw, and then most quietly, did we withdraw. Time flies like flash from lightning cloud, but faster fly we to friend Lent's abode, fernirst the *Aca*-demy. We saw dust soar in air from sawdust sorely beaten by horses on whose backs men stood the while their feet on; heard we such jests as jesters' jest, jest as we'd heard of old, when little Wells was drawing well, and to his tank flowed gold; yet eke, some new and spicy jokes these self-same clowns did warble, at which your humble servient most wondrously did marvel; and so we lent our presence to Lent's present circus longer, for, with each succeeding act, the program-me grew stronger; but all things have an end, they say, except the cirque arena, which Shakespeare says goes round and round, and, therefore, *noto bena*, can have no end. We crossed the street to Max's house, to see L'Africaine, though to see a blacker Nigga chap we leave Five Points in vain; how fares our "Oily Gammon" friend, how fares it with Maretzek—in clover we are told he rests, except when tenors *get* sick; his house is filled with worshippers of operatic Niggers, at seats a dollar and a half, and corresponding figures. "How goes the Nig? Max, old boy, and our foreign relations?" 'Bully for me!' says Max, "beyond the most sanguinest expectations." On we go; "bravo, good CLIP, bravissimo, and bravura, a little higher walk ye up, close by Fifth Avenuers." Thus spake a Nigger minstrel man, in voice though loud, quite misty, and to George Christy's Opera House he led us ere we missed he. "Now, by St. Paul, the work does bravely go on," as the bloody Duke of Gloster says in Richard 3d, and so on; methinks there be five troupes within this land, while a few short years ago, there was but a single minstrel band; as John Brougham says:—"Is this style of thing more properer than what they give us at the Italian opera?" Guess yes, or why this fond commotion, and other words to carry out the line to end in otion. "We dreamt that we dwelt in marble halls, with vassals and serfs at our side," as we entered the new marble structure where George, and his score of corked niggers abide. We heard them sing songs, tell gags, and crack jokes, and we laughed and applauded with Fifth Avenue folks. "Starboard your helm, cast off yer jib," a valiant saileur cries, "blow winds, crack your sides, also, dam my starry eyes." As "our good ship sails to-night," my boys, as the CLIPPER's on the see, let's steer our course for Broadway street, where other sights there be; for though we be a sporting man, a lofty mind we bear-O, and for the chaps that run us down, a cuss we do not care-O; "if other lips and other hearts their tales of love may tell"—O, beats there a heart on earth sincere who never saw Othello; to Niblo's Garden quickly hie, the tragic Forrest see-O, and for our kind and good advice, then you'll remember we—O. But avast there, belay that, and otherwise heave to, we're getting out of our longtitude, and that will *never* do; so take a reef in your main sail or the main sailor'll take a reef in you. Shape your course for the Winter Garden, and, d'ye mind, be soon, or you'll be late, perhaps, to see the "Octoroon." Gracious how these nigger pieces take, in opera, drama, and in minstrel shape; although fair Zoe cannot raise great bags of shining gold, like those whose daughters, now-a-days, like swine are bought and sold, yet her fair body it shall keep a guileless heart within, and for twice fifty thousand crowns,—well, we guess she *would* go in. Enough of this; fair moon shine on us as of yore, light us on our winding way to Mrs. Wood's big store. Crowds, crowds, crowds, tier packed on tier, is the untoward sight which greets us here. Now, by our halidom, if you only know what that means, a crowded house, to managers, is one of the most luscious scenes; 'tis the happiest moment of their lives, which nought can sever, and, as long as the big crowds last, is a joy forever. Shall we o'erleap the barriers strong that wrap this human crowd in? To settle this problem won't take long—leaping, at the Olympic, tain't allowed in. Farewell ye braes of bonny doon, ye caves of Monte Cristo, we'll leave these gay and festive scenes for the Minstrels—San Francisco. Arrayed in clothes of spotless black these minstrel boys appear, and sing for fifty cents a pop, which isn't very dear; there's Birch and Backus on the ends, and Bernard in the middle, and bumti dumti, dumti di, and rincum, fincum, diddle. These fair young creatures you see here, to hear Dave Wambold's ditties, are called Mary, Jane, and Sue, and some of them are Kitties—notice what length a poet goes to get a word to jingle—and most of 'em, I *have* been told, are widders, or else single. Hey, git along, git along Josey down to Barnum's we must mosey. When in the course of human events a man gets burned out, (which is not so deplorable as when one gets turned out,) thy spirit independence let me share, lord of the lion heart and woolly mare. Barnum, we greet thee with a virtuous greet, and welcome thee to pastures new above Spring street; ever be happy, notwithstanding, old fel, thy good deeds to Bennett were truly a sell. Let us in, to view the curiosities, and "wax figgers" of various atrocities. Fat people and lean, short people and tall, pick 'em out where'er you like, only thirty cents for em all. Good bye, Barnum, when another lot you wish to dispose of, call on Bennet, Fulton and Nassau, he's the best customer *we* knows of. At Wood's we meet a "Fair Fenian Fight for Freedom"—long may the Fenians wave, if John Bull don't bleed 'em. Hurroo, bedad, be jabbers, and euschla macree, for a fair Fenian show go to Wood's minstrelsy. Weary and war worn our poor feet trudge along and this is the burthen of our peaceful song:—"I want to see Sam, I'm bound to see Sam, I'm bound to see Chanfrau, if I aint I be dam." And lo! the Broadway looms in view, where fifty cents will put one through. There's Sam, you knew, and all that sort of thing, you know, and there's Bill Crockel, a good part in this show; night after night, for months nearly three, have the people in crowds flocked this same Sam to see. Right hands across, 'tother side of the street, Bryant's famous minstrels you'll chance for to meet; they're quick on the trigger here, give plenty variety, and Neil says they've left the Manager's Society. "Truth crushed to earth will rise again, the immortal years of God are her's; but error, wounded, writhes in pain, and dies amid her worshippers." Let's go to church—"some go to church proudly, to repent, and come away much worse than when they went," but the church we mean belongs to Thorpe and Overis, over in Grand and Crosby, where minstrels live clover in; here you find Niggers Dutch and Niggers Greek, but all of whom good English speak; here also we find the colored Frenchman, and his *vis-a-vis*, an Irish henchmen; in fact, it is a world's congress of outlandish performers, a sort of innovation on the old style, probably Dutch Reformers; the proprietors are good men, who have secured a lease on the church and its fixtures for an indefinite season. And last but not the least among all these pleasant places, is Butler's Music Hall, now foremost in the race is; such screaming songs, such funny acts, we really do declare, were never heard outside these walls, and to this truth we'll swear; like sardines packed within a box the patrons of three 4's are, and rightly turned away, we think, many disappointed scores are. Good night, our pleasing work is o'er, it must be twelve or one O, clock to-morrow morning, and we're glad our work is done O.

THANKSGIVING was another failure, and caused more swearing than praying; it blew, snew, and thew, and then dried up; as a holiday, it was a regular—fizzle, yet the east-side theatres and show places were well attended in the afternoon, and in the evening *all* did well; but still, we repeat, Thanksgiving was a failure.

ELECTION night, having done our duty during the day as a free and enlightened citizen, and voted for a losing man, we passed with the San Francisco Minstrels. The curtain rang up on the full strength of the company. The Frisco's have met with great success here, they have made themselves one of the most popular bands in existence, and they have a fortune within their grasp if they care to hold it. The band in its entirety is a remarkably good one; their entertainments are excellent; they have succeeded on their merits. The show went off smoothly, Backus and Bernard acting well their parts, while Wambold never sang so sweetly before in our hearing. Cooper and Fields were also "well up" in their double song and dance, while the triple clog dance of Sands, Cooper and Fields received well merited applause.

"ARRAH NA POGUE"—which is on at Niblo's on Forrest's off nights—is beginning to lose its attractive qualities, judging by the small audiences now in attendance to witness it. Well, it has had a good run, has introduced us to a very clever Irish comedian, and now—we are ready for something fresh. Slim audiences seem out of place at Niblo's Garden, which has heretofore been productive of large yields.

"MONTE CRISTO" was produced at the Olympic on the 4th inst., with E. L. Davenport in the title *role*. The romance from which this drama is taken is one of the greatest that ever emanated from the brain of man, but the drama falls immeasurably short of the work itself. The author of the drama takes it for granted that everybody has read the book, for he selects out the pictures only, and leaves the uninitiated to guess their meaning. To us, who are familiar with the work, the gaps could be filled up, but not by those who have not studied the book. In the third act this was most apparent—he compresses many of the most startling incidents of the book into a narrow compass. The piece has not been as carefully brought out as we were led to suppose it would be from the promises of the play bills. It does not reach the splendor which distinguished the production of the same play at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, in 1849, and even still later at the same theatre in 1858. To render a show-piece attractive, the principal dependence must be placed upon scenery and costumes. There are very censurable evidences of carelessness in these particulars in "Monte Cristo," as played at the Olympic. Portions of the scenery are excellent, and the costumes of Mr. Davenport and Miss Eliza Newton splendid, but most of the other characters were dressed in a manner not exactly suited to the action of the drama. In the second act, the great one, Mr. Davenport and Mr. Stoddart were the features. The former looked, indeed, the victim of French tyranny, and a sample of her prisoners. It is in this act that Mr. Stoddart, as the Abbe Faria, distinguishes himself as an artist. So completely was he identified with the character, that individuality was lost sight of. The meeting in the cell was a terrible picture, and the story and death of the Abbe were all given truthfully and fearfully. The fourth act opens with a view of Monte Cristo, and the appearance of Albert. The second scene is the interior of the grotto, the abode of Monte Cristo, but it is by no means as brilliantly gotten up as it might have been. It is in this scene that Eliza Newton appears as Haydee. She shines, brilliant in dress, like a star; tells her lamentable story, which is very prosy, and is lost sight of for a time, to appear and meet the reward of her love and truth. The piece might be cut down considerably without injuring it, and there is an opportunity to do so in this scene. The whole of the tedious story of the death of Ali Pacha as told by Haydee has no seeming connection with the previous portions of the plot, and might be made more intelligible by a brief statement of the circumstances in a half a dozen sentences. In this scene a little dancing was indulged in by M'lle Leon, M'lle Bronner and Mons. Cardella. Leon is a very clever dancer, and M'lle Bronner is an exceedingly graceful French *danseuse*. Her "slow movements" are very beautiful and artistic, and altogether she may be ranked among the best dancers of the French school in this country. Mons. Cardella is also good, but notwithstanding all this, the audience did not seem to like the dancing, but received it rather coldly. The carnival scene was only tolerable, and is by no means equal to what has previously been done in this city. The dances went off without spirit, and in fact the whole scene is the tamest in the piece. Mr. Davenport invests the character of the hero with a great deal of interest, and his various changes of costume are well managed, appropriate and effective. Mr. Stoddart makes quite a picture out of the part of the Abbe Faria, and creates a deep impression in his death scene. Mr. Lewis was not the Caderousse the author intended. His interpolations were very commonplace and not at all suited to the piece. Miss Louisa Myers looked very pretty as Albert, and what little she had to do was well done. Miss Kate Newton played Mercedes better than anything we ever saw her attempt. Mr. Morton, as Danglers, was as cold as was the weather outside. Mr. Hind, as Nillefort, mouthed and swaggered in the first act to such an extent that he cut a ridiculous figure. Mr. Garrison, as Fernand, was clever in the first act, but below mediocrity in the last. Mr. Stanley, who appeared as the Governor of the Prison in the second act, was very bad; he was not only imperfect in the text, but when the cue was given, he was slow in taking it. The *role* belongs to an actor a little more advanced in his profession than a utility man. As Andrea, stage manager Selwyn was very acceptable, dressing and acting the part with taste and judgment. The first night "Monte Cristo" was not over until ten minutes past twelve, and although the carnival scene was considerably cut the second night, the curtain did not descend until half past eleven. The house was very crowded both nights.

"L'AFRICAINE."—This, the last of Meyerbeer's works, (and recently produced at the Academy, in this city,) was undoubtedly his greatest. For years the great *maestro* kept the secret of his great composition, and for years after the secret was divulged did he continue to prune and beautify the work which he determined should bequeath to him an immortal name. Sparkling throughout with the choicest melody and with the most intense dramatic fire, in turn "L'Africaine" enchains the senses and leads captive the judgment. Nevertheless, Meyerbeer determined that his last opera should be great in all parts, and he expended a vast deal of time—ably seconded by the exertions of M. Scribe the librettist—in rendering the scenes and incidents of the plot worthy of his music and of that class of spectacle which has obtained the name of the "materialistic drama." Thus we find the resources of the property-man taxed to the utmost in the ship, mancanilla tree, and island scenes—rendering this noble work complete in every part. So much for the general character of the opera. Of the music, the Parisians have exhausted the vocabulary of praise. At times lively, sparkling, effervescing; at times, to suit the character of the scene, impressive, slow and lugubrious. No work of the great Meyerbeer's ever exhibited in such strong colors the peculiar excellencies and defects of the master. Possibly the finest effort of the opera is the grand declamatory aria "*O Paradis, sorti de l'onde*," which is certainly destined to become the *cheval de battaille* of tenors. But in other cases the music cannot be compared to previous efforts of the same composer. Of the rendering of the opera at the Academy of Music, many criticisms have appeared, none of which have been thoroughly just. Of Mazzolini's embodiment of Vasco di Gama, the hero, it would be difficult to speak too highly; his splendid voice, his appearance, and his thorough musical intuition befit him for the character even more strongly than do the qualifications of M. Naudin, who enacted the hero in Paris, and who was designated for the *role* by Meyerbeer himself. As Nelusko, however, Signor Bellini falls short of the standard. After having seen the part as taken by M. Favre at the Theatre Imperial in Paris, the spectator is disappointed with Bellini. His great success was in the fine dramatic scene of the fourth act, which met with deserved applause and narrowly escaped an *encore*. Madame Carozzi Zucchi is not so admirably fitted for the *role* of Selika as was Madame Sax, but her singing—especially in the fifth act—was deservedly applauded. Judged by any other standard than that of the Parisian lyric artiste, Madame Zucchi would be considered a specially able "cast" for "L'Africaine." Mdlle. Ortolani, who takes the character of Ines, assigned to Mdlle. Battan in Paris, acquitted herself admirably, although the music and dramatic positions allotted to her in this character are not sufficient to draw out all her powers. Of the chorus, for the most part, silence is mercy. The Inquisitorial chorus is given well, but in other parts of the opera the chorus are undeniable failures. Altogether, "L'Africaine" may be pronounced a success, although how much of this success is due to the inherent beauties of the instrumentation, the resources of the stage or the capabilities of the artistes, we do not pretend to decide. The opera attracts the most fashionable and crowded audiences.

JULIA MORGAN, jiggist, arrived in this city last week from California, and is at present stopping at the Metropolitan.

TADINI, a Neapolitan pianist of repute, is soon to give the American public an opportunity to listen to her melodious manipulations.

THE NEW PIECE produced by Wood's Minstrels on the 4th inst., and called a "Fair Fenian Fight for Freedom," is a well written affair, just suited to the present Fenian excitement, and is not only well put on the stage as regards scenery and appointments, but is capitally performed by the sable actors. The piece opens in Jonathan's Shop, the walls painted with representations of the Post Office, the Treasury department, &c. There are four desks, seated at which are Sobard, Standon, Gideon and Dennis, clerks of Jonathan. Jonathan enters and introduces Mike Fenian, but Gideon is too sleepy to respond, until wine is passed around, when he is "all there." Mike Fenian complains to Jonathan of the wrongs his country is subjected to by John Bull, and Jonathan promises to help him, as an off-set for the help Pat has rendered us in our late troubles. The scene changes to a street, where Jonathan appears and promises to interfere and help Mike out of his trouble. The next scene is the abode of John Bull, who is seated at a table surrounded by Nappy, Max and Sardine, with the Lion crouching at their feet. Brother Jonathan appears and demands a settlement for damages during the late rebellion, particularly by the Alabama. Johnny Bull objects, when Jonathan insists. Mike Fenian then appears and puts in his claims. The singing of the "Wearing of the Green," his 'eard, hand Bull gets wery hangry. He horders hit to be stopped hat honce. The scene changes to Pat's Cabin, who is singing the song, and Johnny Bull and party appear as well as Jonathan. A slight skirmish takes place and Jonathan is cock of the walk. The scene changes to an allegorical representation, with Ireland in the back ground and the Goddess of Liberty. It is very cleverly gotten up, reflects credit upon all connected with its production, and is announced for representation until further notice.

EDWIN FORREST will close at Niblo's on the 23d inst., followed on the 25th by Lucille Western. During her engagement she will produce her very sensational drama of "Atonement; or, the Child Stealer."

FORREST AT NIBLO'S.—For the first time during his present engagement, Edwin Forrest played to a poor house, at Niblo's, on the 4th inst. This was owing probably to it being the night before election. On the 8th he appeared as Damon, in "Damon and Pythias," to a very crowded house. This piece deserves its great popularity, for it is one of the most interesting plays put on the stage; the diction, though it may be sometimes tame, is never rough and common place—many passages, for elegance, might vie with the works of the proudest poets. It is distinguished by many elegant passages, breathing the inspiration of a young and enthusiastic genius. We have often seen Mr. Forrest as Damon, but we do not think we ever saw him equal its personation this evening. Perhaps his superiority in this character arises principally from the circumstance that it embraces those passions which he is so successful in delineating. In the Senate House he rose to the top of his genius; unmixed with rant—with all the enthusiasm of *amor patriæ*—he seemed elevated by the virtuous principles of Pythagoras, and swelled with the consciousness of his superiority over the servile band of Dionysius. His eloquence was the eloquence of nature, and his throes of pity seemed as those of a patriot lamenting a fallen and degraded country. Few actors can surpass Mr. Forrest in depicting parental affection and connubial tenderness. In the scene with Hermione, where he acquaints her of his doom, he concealed the actor entirely—and man and nature alone were seen—nature spoke in every syllable he uttered; and the heart of every spectator acknowledged the truth of the delineation. In the last scene he acted with energy, and played the maniac and laughed as if he was intoxicated and delirious with joy. Mr. McCullough was excellent as Pythias. This gentleman has made rapid progress in his profession in a very short time. We recollect him at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, only a few years ago, playing utility business, and we now find him supporting the greatest tragedian in the world. McCullough has attained this position by hard study, and he richly deserves his present popularity. Mr. McCullough will ere long become one of the very best leading actors in the country. He has faults, it is true, but time will no doubt eradicate them. Mrs. Agnes Perry's Calanthe was tender and touching, as was Mrs. Farren's Hermione. This lady is one of the most remarkable actresses on the American stage; ready and competent at all times to play almost everything. She has few rivals on the stage. This evening Mr. Forrest appears as Spartacus in the "Gladiator."

SARA STEVENS, the wife of John C. Heenan, and well known in this city as a very clever actress, but who has been in England for some time, arrived here about ten days ago, and is at present living in Darien, Conn. She intends returning to the stage, and, we believe, will shortly appear at one of the theatres in this city.

NEW YORK CIRCUS.—The growing popularity of circus performances among the more refined classes of society is evidenced by the large and brilliant audiences which nightly assemble at Mr. Lent's establishment in Fourteenth street; and, when properly managed, as the New York Circus is, we can see no reason why entertainments of this character should not be supported as the theatres are, all the year round. The company now under engagement to Mr. Lent embraces equestrian, acrobatic, and gymnastic talent of a very high order, for in the first department may be seen that remarkable equestrienne Mad. Louise Tourniaire, whose manege act is one of the most beautiful performances of the kind we ever witnessed. The Madame, who is well known in this and every city of the Union, looks just as young, just as fresh, and rides with just as much ease as she did in the earlier years of her triumphs. Mr. James Robinson, the celebrated bare-back rider, is another attractive card in this department; his various exhibitions of equestrianism on the bare back of his steed, and his marvellous feats with his little son Clarence, are a series of artistic pictures rarely witnessed in the arena of a circus; the earnest applause which greets the daring equestrian's performances, shows the estimation in which he is held in this city. One of the olden time acts has just been revived here—still vaulting, we believe it is called; it was very popular years ago, when O'Dale—now blind—succeeded in turning eighty-five consecutive somersaults on the spring board; the other evening we witnessed some very clever vaulting in this act, Mr. Austin, the clown,—who seems to be capable of doing a little of everything,—making fifteen consecutive turns, while a young man named Lee, from Binghampton, N. Y., accomplished thirty-five clean somersaults. The Delevanti Brothers, in their double trapeze act, almost at the extreme height of the building, exhibit a wonderful daring, nerve and skill in their perilous feats. In fact, individually and collectively, the troupe is an excellent one; the various acts are well and appropriately dressed, and the entertainment on the whole is one of the best of the kind ever given here. And now, good and pious friends, *why* would this establishment make a good Catholic institution? Because it keeps Lent. Perhaps we may have told you this before. Never mind, laugh and grow fat over it again.

A SERIES of novel exhibitions will commence at Cooper Institute on Saturday evening, 16th inst. We all know what a *furore* the spiritual manifestations of the Davenport Brothers created in this city a year or so ago, and we have all read of the curious things their exhibitions in Europe have developed. Well, Mr. H. M. Fay, the former confederate of the Davenports, and who, consequently, knows the ropes, will untie the knotty problem, and reveal the secret of the feats performed by them, in several entertainments to be given as above, on the 16th, 19th, 21st, 22d, and 23d inst. The *expose* will be made in bright gas light, in full view of the audience, and in such a manner that no one can fail to "see it."

IN THE PERFORMANCE of good actions, "Sam" nightly continues to punish vice and reward virtue at the Broadway Theatre in the presence of sympathetic audiences. This new piece is certainly a remarkable success, for which the author is greatly indebted to Mr. Chanfrau and a "discriminating public." In a little while "Sam" will have terminated its duties here, and "Solon Shingle" will then have a shy at the public purse. In the meantime, those who have not seen Mr. Chanfrau in his great character of Sam should not lose the opportunity now offered.

THE DOWN TOWN CIRCUS.—Montpelier's place, in the Bowery, was only moderately attended during the past week, although M'lle Marietta Zanfretta, the tight rope artist, was added to the attractions. There are several very clever performers attached to the troupe here, performers whose feats of leaping, etc., are well worth seeing, but there seems to be a fatality attending the place. One thing managers of this house lose sight of, and that is, that a constant succession of novelties must be provided; at the theatres on that side of town, the best dramas fail to run more than a week. Variety and change and new acts are what they require in the Bowery. In the leaping and tumbling act given at the National Circus last week, three or four of the performers made a very creditable display, some of them making running leaps over five horses placed side by side, with three men and boys on top of the horses. Sam Long's songs appeared to delight the audience, especially that about the Fenians. Zanfretta's act on the tight rope is a very pleasing exhibition. Between the various acts, the attendants in the ring gave us an artistic representation of the rake's progress.

CLUBS are to be trumps at the San Francisco Minstrels this week, by which some startling effects will be produced, showing the wonderful properties of Kehoe's Indian Clubs. The interest of the act might be greatly enhanced by the engagement of the orator and clubbist Kehoe himself. He is a character in the city and one of its go-ahead representative men.

LAST NIGHTS of Salem Scudder and the "Octoroon" are announced at the Winter Garden. This play is always good for a short time, and will draw where a better piece by some other author fails. Boucicault has the knack of dovetailing in some grand effects which overshadow dramatic defects and pull the thing through handsomely.

BRYANTS' MINSTRELS are progressing in their usual dashing style, making fun for the million and greenbacks for themselves. Considering the strong competition in minstrelsy, it may not be considered out of place if we suggest to the Messrs. Bryant that the addition of some first class vocalists to their troupe might prove advantageous to them; this is not suggested with any intention to disparage the merits of the gentlemen already engaged in that department.

"GRANT'S CAMPAIGN," a new war drama founded on incidents in the great rebellion, and written by J. F. Poole, will be produced at the New Bowery for the first time this evening, Dec. 11th. It could not have been offered at a more opportune time, for the thousands who have so eagerly perused Gen. Grant's clear and logical details of his operations during the closing year of the war will no doubt be desirous of witnessing this new drama, in which some of the most noted scenes of the last campaign will be depicted. The scenery, costumes, music, and machinery are all new, to give all due effect to "Grant's Campaign."

GEORGE CHRISTY makes several additions to his company this week, at his Fifth Avenue Opera House, among whom are Messrs. T. Donaldson, Geo. Brent, C. Duval, and Chas. Melville the ballad singer. J. E. Green concluded his engagement there on the 9th. When George shall have collected around him a really first class band, he may secure a very liberal patronage from the residents in the vicinity of his new establishment.

WM. HANLON returned to this city last week from Europe, where he has been looking up some talent to add to the Hanlon combination. The brothers are now here, preparing themselves for an early start out on a traveling campaign.

ANOTHER THEATRE.—As we hinted in our last, another theatre is about to be added to the already large list of metropolitan places of public resort. The building known as Dr. Osgood's church, on the east side of Broadway, opposite the New York Hotel, is now in the hands of workmen for the purpose of being converted into a theatre. Miss Lucy Rushton, who made her *debut* in this city a few months ago at the Olympic, is the head and front of this impending dramatic temple, and the establishment is to bear the name of "Miss Lucy Rushton's New York Theatre." It is the intention of the fair manager to open somewhere about the holiday season; but we would recommend that there be no slighting of the work to be done, in order to have an early commencement. Take your time, Miss Lucy, take your time, Miss Lucy Rushton.

ALAS! THE CHURCH.—While ministers are going out of their legitimate calling to make uncalled for attacks on the dramatic profession, the latter are very quietly converting churches into theatres, with the connivance of the pastors thereof. First, Hope Chapel "backslid," and after several shows held high carnival there, it fell into the hands of Professor Wiseman, the magician. Next, the Presbyterian church at the corner of Grand and Crosby streets flew the track, and now a Nigger Minstrel troupe occupy it. And still later, Dr. Osgood's church, in Broadway, has succumbed to the march of the drama, and is now being altered to a theatre, of which Miss Rushton is to have the management. What is the cause of this? Are the people improving in morality? Do they require less churches than formerly? Or does church property pay better when in the hands of worldly people? Probably the latter is the true cause of these metamorphoses.

WM. BAYWARD, the popular ballad singer, arrived in this city on the 10th inst., after an extended concert tour through California and the mountainous towns of the territories.

MISS BATEMAN, who is expected in this city from England, early in January, will follow Lucille Western at Niblo's.

MR. RUFUS SOMERBY, the well known showman, and who has been traveling in the west lately, disposing of shares in the New York Petroleum Prize Company, has located himself in this city, having leased the large store on the first floor of 581 Broadway opposite the Metropolitan Hotel, for the purpose of disposing of shares in the above company. As an inducement for parties to become share owners in this Company, the proprietor has on hand a large assortment of watches, jewelry, trotting horses, pianos, and a host of other articles just suited for the holidays, which he announces will be distributed to purchasers of shares. The establishment will be open on the 12th and 13th, and the sale of shares and distribution of presents commence on Thursday morning, the 14th.

FRANK RUSSELL, late treasurer for Bachelder's "Paradise Lost," arrived in this city from California on the 9th inst.

MRS. J. K. MORTIMER and her three children are represented as living in very destitute circumstances in Houston street near Crosby. We are requested to call the attention of the profession to this fact, to see if something cannot be done for the relief of the family.

CHARLEY DEVERE, who sailed from here some time ago with Nixon's circus troupe, for Texas, returned to New York on the 10th. The concern has met with bad luck ever since it left the city.

THE SANDY RIVER PETROLEUM COMPANY, having taken the commodious store 542 and 544 Broadway, have stocked it with a large quantity of Jewelry, consisting of Gold and Silver Watches, Pianos, and in fact everything that is suitable for a holiday present. The proprietors offer to dispose of their land in the West for the reasonable price of one dollar a share, thus placing it within the reach of all to become a share holder. In addition to becoming a land owner, as stated in advertisement elsewhere, each and every one has an opportunity of obtaining one of the many presents to be disposed of, consisting of jewelry of every description. The opening takes place on the 14th inst.

JOHN E. MCDONOUGH is in the city for a day or two, after a tour through the West and South West with "Arrah Na Pogue." He commences an engagement in Indianapolis, Ind., on the 18th.

IRELAND is made free every night at Tony Pastor's Opera House, where the "Fenian's Dream," a new Irish drama, is the great attraction. In addition to the drama the usual budget of comicalities, dances, wire flying, negro eccentricities, etc., are given. This house is doing a very lively business.

AN AMATEUR MINSTREL ENTERTAINMENT, in aid of the Gymnasium Fund, is to be given by companies B and I, to the members of the 22d Regt, and their gentlemen friends, at the gymnasium room of the armory, on Saturday evening, 16th inst.

PROFESSOR WISEMAN repeats his wonderful performance at Hope Chapel every evening this week.

JAMES CONNER & CO., the dramatic agents of this city, have several advertisements in the CLIPPER relating to the profession generally. In addition to wanting at all times artists of acknowledge ability, from utility to leading people, they are agents for Mad. Rachel's *Email*, said to be an excellent preparation for professional ladies.

THE BALLET is one of the most attractive features at 444, and is one of the best attached to any Music Hall in the country. Lizzie Schultze and Millie Flora are the *coryphees*, and treat the patrons to some excellent solo dancing. They are both finished dancers, executing many difficult movements. The comic vocal department is in good hands, Billy Holmes being a great favorite; he has a number of new songs the one on advertisements being good. Business is first rate, and will no doubt continue so as long as Manager Butler gives his patrons the satisfaction he does at present.

SEIGNORITA MARIE, a pleasing young *danseuse*, who is said to have earned an enviable reputation in Europe and California, arrived in this city from San Francisco on the 10th inst., accompanied by her father. They are stopping at the Breadreth House.

EDWIN BOOTH will make his *rentree* at the Winter Garden on Jan. 3d.

Dramatic.

AT MEADVILLE, Pa., another week has rolled around, says our correspondent "Sticks," "and witnessed the setting of one, and the rising of two bright stars in the theatrical horizon of Meadville. Lotta closed a very successful two weeks' engagement at Museum Hall, on Dec. 2d, appearing to a crowded house in 'Ireland as It Was' and the 'Omnibus,' thus closing the first star engagement ever played in this town. On Monday evening, 5th, Mr. C. W. Couldock and daughter made their first appearance before a Meadville audience, and were greeted with a full and fashionable house. The bill for the evening was 'Chimney Corner' and 'Rough Diamond.' It is useless to say anything of the principal actor in the former piece, for he has made that his masterpiece; I will only say that, although tears did not rain into the pit, there were a great many who found a sudden use for their handkerchiefs. The Solomon Probity of Rees Davies was very good, and his make up was excellent. Miss Josephine Tyson, as Patty Probity, was well received, and played her part well. She is always up in her part, and plays whatever she undertakes, *well*. Ed. Gross, as John Probity, did very well, but would have done better had he infused a little more fire into the part. Last evening, 6th, 'Richelieu' was presented, with Couldock as the Cardinal, Miss Couldock as Julie de Mortimer, F. L. Kent as De Mauprat, J. C. Howard as Baradas, Charlie Smith as Joseph, Josephine Tyson as Francois, etc. The piece was well put upon the stage, and the two stars were well supported. The De Mauprat of Mr. Kent was a very fine piece of acting; but to particularize would occupy too much space in your columns. Taking the piece altogether, it was as well played as you will generally see it. The house was comfortably filled, and the audience, as a general thing, very appreciative."

MISS FANNY B. PRICE.—A correspondent writing from Petersburg, Va., Dec. 3d, says: "Miss Fanny B. Price, supported by Mr. D. Hanchett and Mr. Glenn's excellent company, has produced a remarkable sensation here, drawing out those who never visited a theatre before. So great has been her success, that the manager has re-engaged her for the coming week. In 'Fanchon' and her new play of 'Vesta,' she created a perfect furore. She will commence an engagement of two weeks at Norfolk, Va., on the 11th."

THE WEBB SISTERS terminated a two weeks' engagement in Nashville on the 2d inst. On the occasion of Ada's benefit, a beautiful gold chain and breast pin were thrown on the stage. On the 3d inst. they left for Louisville, to follow the Keans at Wood's Theatre, on the 11th inst., for two weeks, and go thence to Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati.

THE KEANS were at Wood's Theatre, Louisville, last week.

MATILDA HERON commenced an engagement at the Louisville Theatre on the 5th inst.

MISS M. E. GORDON, a member of the company attached to the Savannah, Geo., Theatre, is charged with interpolating "gags" of a disloyal character in the parts assigned her. Recently, it is alleged, she interpolated this sentiment:—"I despise the North. Give me the sunny South, the sunny South;" giving the words with a bitterness that could not be misunderstood. It is to be regretted that such sentiments should find expression at the present time, when reconstruction and conciliation are enlisting the attention of well-meaning people of both sections. It is barely possible that the words quoted form a part of the text of the drama performed, "Smiles and Tears," but we are not aware of such being the fact.

THE CITY OF WASHINGTON, D. C., is filled at the present with all sorts of people, seeking all sorts of employment and amusement, and judging from the nightly appearance of our theatres, remarks our correspondent, "Americus," "I should say that not a small portion of them find sufficient to amuse them there. A person who has not forethought enough to secure a seat at least two days in advance, must e'en be content with a bench in the gallery or a 'stand up' in the aisle. Hundreds are turned away each night, not even standing room being obtainable. This is Murdoch's last week, and it has been a most perfect success. If Mrs. D. P. Bowers, who makes her first appearance on Monday, Dec. 11th, meets with the same success, she will be loth to leave our city. On Monday, the 4th inst., Murdoch appeared as Young Mirabel in 'Wine Works Wonders,' it being the second production of that splendid comedy during his engagement, it having been produced on the 1st, on the occasion of his benefit. In this character, so widely different from those in which he has heretofore excited so much wonder, he achieved a decided success. The last scene, the adventure with the siren, Lamorce and the bravos was most beautifully rendered. The different emotions of fear and joy, forced nonchalance, and false and true love, were truly portrayed. Mrs. Jordan as Oriana made some fine hits, especially in the second act, where she appears in such a diversity of characters. Miss Walters as Bizarre, was, as she always is, excellent. Miss Thorne, in the small part of Lamorce, maintained her well earned reputation, and made a most beautiful siren. Spackman as Old Mirable was capital, the denouement of his Spanish plot being, on his part, most laughably portrayed. Bangs, although rather out of his line in Duretete, was very good, his interviews with Bizarre being excellently rendered. Smith and Crane appeared to advantage as Dugard and Petit. The farce of the 'Model Husband' was produced on the same evening, with Lamb in the principal character. Lamb is excellent in just such characters. On the 5th, Murdoch appeared as Chas. DeMoor, in Schiller's tragedy of the 'Robber;' on the 6th in the 'Gamester;' and to-night, Dec. 7th, 'Much Ado About Nothing' will be reproduced, Murdoch appearing as Benedick. This afternoon, at the *matinee*, the 'Drunkard' is announced."

MR. AND MRS. FRANK REA gave a dramatic entertainment in Washington, D. C., on the 4th inst., in which they were assisted by Frank Lawlor, who recited Lover's poem, 'Shamus O'Brien.'

THE COMBINATION from the Academy of Music, New Orleans, has been performing at the Mobile Theatre. Last week was the second week of their stay there. The Rollande Brothers, Annetti Galletti, Bob Hart, Ada Tesman and others are in the party.

THE THALIA AND EUREKA DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION, of Nashville, have merged into the "Concordia," and the following are the officers:—President, M. Heidelback; Vice-President, J. Leeman; Secretary, Morlty Sax; Treasurer, A. Landsberg; Librarian, J. Wassman; English Stage Manager, E. Elias; German Stage Manager, Y. Elsaser.

W. J. THOMPSON was the recipient of a benefit on the 1st inst. at the Franklin, Pa., Theatre. The house was crowded, and everything passed off very harmoniously. After the first piece, the *beneficiaire*, and Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Dalton were called before the curtain, and Mr. Thompson was presented with a silver goblet and an album. The goblet was the gift of the citizens of Franklin, and the album was from the Raymond brothers of Plummer city. Mrs. Dalton was also presented with a beautiful album by the same parties. This was the first benefit given at the theatre.

THE ROCHESTER OPERA HOUSE, of which Brigham Bishop is lessee and manager, is one of the best non-metropolitan places of amusement in this State. For reasons given in another column, Manager Bishop wishes to dispose of half of his interest. This would seem to be an excellent opportunity to any one ambitious to achieve managerial fame.

ROUSE'S DRAMATIC COMPANY, having played four weeks in Wilkesbarre, Pa., were to open in Williamsport, Pa., on the 9th, for two weeks.

T. H. GLENNY will shortly commence an engagement at the Metropolitan, Buffalo, producing "Arrah na Pogue."

AT THE ATHENÆUM, Detroit, "Moll Pitcher" was produced Dec. 4th. A correspondent says:—"The piece is said to be far ahead of anything ever brought out here. The Great Bridge Scene is received nightly with acclamations of delight by large audiences. The cast embraces the entire company. On the 6th inst., Miss Richardson being suddenly called from the city, Lillie Marden essayed the part of Moll Pitcher; and as this lady usually does the comedy business, her rendition of the Witch was a surprise to all. She is justly considered the most versatile lady in the company. The piece is up for the entire week. On the 11th inst. 'Nick of the Woods' will be produced......On the 18th Mollie Williams and Felix Vincent commence a two weeks' engagement."

KATE REIGNOLDS commenced an engagement at the Pittsburgh Theatre on the 4th inst.

BLANCHE DE BAR was the star last week at the Pittsburgh Opera House, opening on the 4th inst. in "She Stoops to Conquer," to an excellent audience, the house being very crowded. The following night she appeared as Lady Gay Spanker to another large house. W. H. Leak played Sir Harcourt; M. B. Pike, Dazzle; and Annie Eberle, Grace Harkaway....J. M. Ward and Pauline Cushman are announced as the next stars.

EDWIN FORREST commences an engagement at the New Opera House, Dayton, Ohio, on Jan. 1st.

THE METROPOLITAN THEATRE, Davenport, Iowa, brought its season to a close on Nov. 30th, on which occasion "Miriam's Crime" and "Handy Andy" were performed. Manager Wyatt took his company on a traveling tour, visiting Moline and Geneseo. He then took the small towns along the Rock Island Railroad.

MISS LUCILLE WESTERN AND GAYLER'S NEW PLAY of "Atonement, or the Child Stealer," recently played at the New Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, has created quite a talk in that city. The Philadelphia *North American* says:—"Lucille Western achieved a far greater success, last week, in Charles Gayler's new sensation drama of 'Atonement, or the Child Stealer,' than had been expected, though in view of the excitement created all over the city by the extraordinary placards cautioning people to look out for the child stealer, this result is not surprising. Her audiences have been overwhelming, and she has played with unusual care. We have seldom seen her act to better effect than in the latter part of last week, and some of her touches of nature in the character of Madge the Cadger are inimitable. Her horror on discovering she had sold her own child by mistake, her woe-begone appearance on her return from her convict sojourn in Australia, her counterfeit drunken beggar scene in the vaults of St. Giles, are all marvellously fine. The last mentioned of these challenges comparison with any acting ever seen in Philadelphia. The horrible portraiture is so real that the audience regards it with rapt attention throughout. When we see such evidences of genuine talent in Miss Western, we always deplore her total neglect of study in costuming and her too frequent contempt for the text of the dramatist. Her death-scene in this piece is so fine in its simplicity and truth to nature, that we are spell-bound, and only gaze upon it in silent wonder. Of course the drama will be continued this week." Negotiations are now pending for the performance of the piece in this city. It will probably be done at Niblo's during Miss Western's long engagement there, which commences on Dec. 25th.

GRAU is in St. Louis, where he *hopes* to do a "splendid" business.

LUCILLE WESTERN'S engagement at the Chestnut, Philadelphia, is announced to close on the 16th inst. Business during the past week was fair.

OWING to the sudden illness with which Mr. Jas. E. Murdoch was taken, in Baltimore, on the 8th inst., his engagement at the Arch, Philadelphia, which was to commence on the 11th, has been postponed. "Rosedale" is announced to be performed during the current week at the Arch.

MADAME CELESTE closed her performances at the Arch, Philadelphia, on the 8th. She did not meet with much success.

JOHN BROUGHAM'S success continues as great as ever at the Walnut, Philadelphia. His new play, "O'Donnell's Mission," was produced for the first time on the 8th inst., and will be repeated all this week. The "People's Lawyer" will also be given every night, with that rising young comedian, O. S. Fawcett, in the character of Solon Shingle, which he is said to perform with a good deal of humor.

MANAGERS WHEATLEY, of Niblo's, and Stuart, of the Winter Garden, were among the notables in Philadelphia last week.

OCEANA can be secured by managers for brief engagements, either with or without her performing horse, Tartar. Her new drama called "Hilda, the Warrior Queen," is now ready, and this, with the "French Spy," "Don Juan," "Wept of the Wish-ton-Wish," "Flying Dutchman," etc., makes a good *repertoire*.

A HEAVY WOMAN is wanted by J. C. Myers for a season of twelve months. One that can play old women preferred. See advertisement.

THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS is the sum offered to dramatic authors by Yankee Robinson, for a Yankee drama, which must be a guaranteed success.

"SETTLING DAY," one of Tom Taylor's last and most successful comedies, is on the bills at the Boston Museum.

THE WILLIAMSES continue at the Howard Athenæum, Boston. They will be followed by Charles Dillon.

MISS ALICE KINGSBURY closed her engagement at the Opera House, Rochester, on the 2nd inst. The bill for the occasion consisted of the drama of the "Child of the Savannah," (the manuscript of which is the sole property of Miss K.) and the farce of "Nan the Good for Nothing." On the 4th Shakespeare's tragedy of 'Richard the Third" was produced, with Mr. W. A. Donaldson as Richard......On the 5th, Miss Helen Western made her first appearance in Rochester in the drama of "Satan in Paris." Our correspondent "Percy" says:—"As a sensation actress Miss Western has few equals. On the 6th, the romantic gipsey drama of the 'Flowers of the Forest' was given, with Miss W. as Cynthia, supported by M. C. Daly as the Kinchin, in which he made a decided hit. Mr. H. C. Barton as Lemuel, and Mr. W. R. Griffith as Ishmael the Wolf, rendered their respective parts in a very praiseworthy manner, and elicited frequent applause. On the 7th inst. (Thanksgiving night) the bill consisted of the drama of the 'Spy of St. Marc,' and the 'Pet of the Petticoats.' The house was filled to overflowing, it being impossible to find even standing room after the first act. On the 8th, Miss Western takes her first benefit, on which occasion will be produced the thrilling drama of the 'Corsican Brothers.' On the 11th, the great drama of 'Rosedale,' which had such an immense run in New York, will be produced for the first time in Rochester. Entire new scenery has been painted by Mr. Lemper, the scenic artist. The cast will embrace the whole company, assisted by Mrs. E. L. Mortimer, who will make her first appearance on the 11th.

THE "MONUMENTALITES" bade farewell to their favorite comedian, John Owens, on the 9th inst., when for the last time he appeared as "Solon Shingle" and "Timothy Toodles." A correspondent says:—"Mr. Owens has accomplished what no star who has preceded him did successfully, viz., he has filled to repletion 'Old Front Street' with the *elite* of the town. Mr. Ford is exceedingly well satisfied with the past few weeks' business. He has reaped a greenback harvest of exceeding plenty......MAGGIE MITCHELL, at the Holliday, has been doing well, though scarcely realizing public expectations. 'Barefoot' held sway four nights, giving way to 'Margot' and 'Katty O'Sheal' on Friday, her benefit night, when a magnificent house greeted her. The 'Pearl of Savoy' is up for next (this) week, with a *new* piece underlined."

L. P. BARRETT opened in "Duke's Motto," at Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati, Ohio, on the 4th, and continued there during the week.

THE HOLMAN OPERA TROUPE closed at Utica, N. Y., on the 4th, and opened at Alexandria, Va., Theatre on the 6th inst.

THE ATTENTION of theatrical managers is hereby called to an advertisement of Manager Fox's of the New American Theatre, Philadelphia, in which the services of Sam Hemple, low comedian; Geo. Johnson, first old man; and Miss Nelly Johnson are represented as to be engaged.

MESSRS. FUNSTON & CORNWELL, the Philadelphia theatrical agents, advertise in this issue of the CLIPPER for a first class *danseuse* and a singing lady. They also desire an opening for a good business agent. *Vide* advertisements.

MRS. D. P. BOWERS is at Grover's Washington, D. C., Theatre.

JAMES E. MURDOCH, while performing the Stranger at Grover's Washington, D. C., Theatre, on the 8th inst., was seized with an apoplectic fit soon after the performance commenced. We are glad to learn that he has recovered. Mr. Lawlor assumed Mr. Murdoch's *role* of the Stranger, and Mr. Chaplin that of Petruchio, in the "Taming of a Shrew."

THE CHAPMAN DRAMATIC TROUPE were doing well at Helena, Montana Territory. Harry Taylor and A. Oldhousen have been added to the company.

A LEADING AND WALKING LADY are advertised for in this issue by C. Montgomery.

LOTTY THOMPSON commenced a two weeks engagement at the Metropolitan, Indianapolis, Ind., on the 4th, in "Little Barefoot," which was repeated the following night. On the 6th, the "Lady of Lyons" was presented, followed on the 7th by "Ingomar." For her benefit, on the 8th, she presented 'Fanchon" to a very large attendance.

DEPARTED THIS LIFE—At Cincinnati, Dec. 6th, 1865, of consumption, Mrs. Charlotte Hale, wife of Mr. C. Hale, comedian, aged 35. She will be remembered by the older members of the profession, particularly in the old country, as Charlotte France, an actress of children's parts, as far back as 1838, at the Surrey, Strand, Haymarket and Lyceum Theatres. She made her first appearance in America at the Astor Place Opera House, as Margaret Overreach, under the management of Mr. G. V. Brooke; she was afterwards a member of Wallack's, Broome St, N. Y; Arch Street, Philadelphia; Holiday, Baltimore; Varieties, New Orleans; in Montreal, and other theatres. The last time she acted was in the season of 1860, when she appeared as Betsy Baker, for the benefit of her husband. It is somewhat singular that one of her younger sisters, Mrs. Wheelock, was acting the same part when the news of Mrs. Hale's death reached her. Her remains will be deposited in a vault at Wilton.

DEAD.—Miss A. J. Wilford, late of Barker's dramatic company, died at the Samosett House, Holyoke, Mass., on the 4th inst. Miss Wilford had been ill for some months with consumption, and for some weeks past was unable to appear. During her last illness she received every care and attention from Mr. Barker and lady, as well as from every member of the company. Miss Wilford was for many years attached to the Boston theatres, and was well known all through the eastern country. Her remains were followed to the grave by her late professional associates, and everything that kindness could suggest was done. One of the company, writing to us, says:—"We all feel that we would be wanting in gratitude did we fail to express our heartfelt thanks to Messrs. Whitehouse & Dickerman, of the Samosett House, and to the ladies of that establishment, for the many acts of kindness extended to us on the occasion, and we would take it as a great favor if you would commend them to the kind consideration of all professional people who may visit Holyoke."

L. H. EVERETT, stage manager of the Griswold Opera House, Troy, N. Y., took a benefit on the 5th, and presented "Ireland as it Was," "The Widow's Victim," and "Handy Andy." G. C. Davenport, who volunteered, appeared as Ragged Pat, Jerry Clip, and Handy Andy. The attendance was good......"Step by Step" was produced to a slim audience on the 6th inst., and was repeated on the 8th. Our correspondent "Mose" says:—"Rev. Dr. Shelden, of this city, delivered a sermon at the 5th street Baptist Church, on the 3d inst., on the drama as an amusement. He spoke at great length against the theatre, the actors and its supporters. F. T. Stetson and G. W. Howard, of the theatre, and Mr. Sheffrey, who was formerly an actor, but now a clerk in the Secretary of State's Office, will respond to Dr. Sheldon's sermon at the Griswold Opera House on the 10th. Admission free, but a collection will be taken up for the benefit of the Orphan Asylum of this city."

GRAU'S OPERA TROUPE catches it. Of the season recently closed in Chicago, the *Times* of that city says:—"The past week closed Mr. Grau's first instalment of opera; and in it more than in any previous week the discrepancy between the manifestation and the manifesto was apparent. We are reluctantly compelled to erase the word success, with which we charitably chronicled the initial performance of Trovatore, a month ago, and to substitute, with stricter justice, the word *failure*. If American audiences were not far more generous and forbearing than European, we should have been obliged to go even further, and write *fiasco*. It seems Grau fulfilled none of his promises. His costumes were old and dirty. He painted no new scenery. He did not produce *L'Africaine*, which he was to have given ahead of New York, and Gazzaniga fainted several times during the performances from what the *Times* calls feebleness incident to her time of life." And this is the troupe that the *Herald* lauded so highly every day, and placed at the head of all opera troupes. What dependence is to be placed on the reports of such a journal after this last *fiasco*?

MARY MITCHELL is at the Newark, N. J., Theatre, this week, supported by Mr. J. W. Albaugh, of the Broadway Theatre.

ANOTHER ACTOR GONE.—J. H. Evans, connected with Murphy's Theatre, at Pithole, Pa., died in that city on the 6th inst., very suddenly, having been out the day previous, and even supposing he would get well a few hours before his death. His disease was consumption. He leaves a wife (well known to theatre goers as a lady of talent) and two children.

MADAME SCHELLER closed her engagement at the National Theatre, Cincinnati, on the 9th, and opens at the Columbus, O., Opera House on the 11th, for one week.

BUSINESS has been very dull of late in Cincinnati. Matilda Heron and Edwin Adams played the poorest engagements at Pike's this season. Lawrence Barrett is not doing much at Wood's, and the German Opera struggles mighty hard, also, to get some wind in the sails.

HARRY WATKINS and wife were in the second week of their engagement at the Savannah, Geo., Theatre, which is represented as being very successful. Lieut. Gen. Grant visited the theatre on the 5th, by invitation from Messrs. Raymond and Hamilton, and received a welcome worthy of his fame. He bowed his acknowledgments and seemed to enjoy the reception he received. He left the next morning for Augusta, Ga...... An affair took place in the theatre a few evenings since during the play of "Smiles and Tears," which created a great excitement for the time. The leading lady, Miss M. E. Gordon, had occasion to say 'I despise the North, give me the sunny South." A number of hot headed boys applauded the sentiment, as they supposed it was done for the benefit of the southern portion of the house. A number of Union officers were in front, who hissed the applause, and deservedly so. The play was an Irish one, and not applicable to this locality—and but for this foolishness of the boys in the gallery, the language would not have been noticed. The managers published a card, saying the words used were those of the author, and that no local political meaning was intended. So writes our correspondent.

HELEN WESTERN is at the Metropolitan Theatre, Buffalo.

A HEAVY MAN of ability is wanted at once by Messrs. Davis & Co., Theatrical agents, Chicago, Ill. See advertisement.

THE FLORENCES commenced at McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, on the 4th, opening in "Born to Good Luck," "Young Actress" and "Returned Volunteer," to a good house; they repeated the bill on the following evening to fully as good a house. "Handy Andy" was up for Wednesday and Thursday. The Florences are favorites in Chicago and generally do a good business. This week they do "Inshavogue," one of their new pieces. They remain four weeks.

THE MUSEUM, Chicago, is doing an excellent business with "Belphegor." The piece improves with each repetition, as do also the people in their several *roles*. Frank Aiken has much improved in his first scene, where Walters (Laverennes) discovers to him his wife's fortune and birth, which he before rendered rather insipidly. In the museum line, Manager Wood has added the Wild Men of Borneo and a Fallow Deer to his collection of curiosities.

PITHOLE CITY, Pa., writes a correspondent, "is not six months of age, and yet we have three regular places of amusement open every night (at one time we had five), and another first class house is in process of erection. Murphy's Theatre is the principle attraction of our nights, nor do we wonder when we look at the immense expense the proprietors have been to, in order to render satisfaction. The people employed have never been below medium, and most of the time above the average to be found in stock companies. The company at present consists of Mr. Chas. Loveday and Miss Anna Levering, as leading people, supported by Mr. Jas. C. Dunn, Manager, J. Stevens, W. W. Jefferies, J. J. Sullivan, F. Spear, M'lle Brignoli, *danseuse*, Mr. J. A. Heaney, comic singer, with Mrs. H. Hotto, Miss Imogene Tracy, Mrs. J. L. Dunn and Miss K. Dunn; beside a full ballet and utility *corps*. The great event of the past fortnight was the benefit of Miss Eloise Bridges, late leading lady. Macbeth was up and well done. The benefit amounted in all to over $1000. During the performance an envelope was thrown upon the stage containing cheques for $500 from 'friends in Pithole.' Altogether the affair was a most complete success. Some time ago Miss J. Tracy had a present of a fine gold watch and chain from her numerous admirers."

THE "SLEEPING BEAUTY" spectacle will shortly be produced at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, manager Sinn having purchased the last scene from Mrs. Wood. It will astonish and delight the people thereaway, if it is correctly worked up.

YANKEE ROBINSON, the Yankee comedian, who has a *repertoire* of excellent dramas and farces, is prepared to make six or twelve nights' engagements with theatrical managers. See advertisement for address, etc.

"THE ICE WITCH" was brought out at the Boston theatre on the 4th in grand style. The scenery, which is by Charles Getz, of Baltimore, is pronounced very beautiful. It is announced for representation this week.

Circuses.

ELIZA GARDNER, daughter of Dan Gardner, the well-known clown, was married in Philadelphia, on the 3d inst, to a gentleman in the saw dust business, but not a performer.

RICHARD HEMMINGS, the tight rope walker and equestrian, and one of the firm of Gardner and Hemmings was, rumor says, to have been married in Philadelphia on the 10th inst., to Harry Whitby's daughter.

SAMUEL REINHART, a young and very clever gymnast, is represented as having met with a horrible death at San Antonio, Texas, lately, while performing there with a circus company bound to Galveston. It is said that he had a difficulty with a Mexican and was instantly killed. The Mexican rushed upon him with a huge knife and ripped out his bowels. Mr. Reinhart was quite a young man, a native of Cincinnati, Ohio, and was one of the best leapers and tumblers in the business.

CIRCUS IN NEW ORLEANS.—The circus appears to be well liked by the patrons of amusement in New Orleans. A correspondent writing on the 27th November says:—"A business trip brings me to the 'Crescent City.' A few evenings passed at the various places of amusement convinces me that careful managers are reaping a rich harvest. The great sensation here just now is Thayer and Noyes' United States Circus, playing a most successful engagement at the Academy of Music. They opened here on Monday, the 20th., and from what I have seen and heard I am satisfied that they could not have had larger audiences unless the Academy of Music could have been enlarged. Hundreds have been turned from the door unable to get even standing room. The circus had a large and excellent company when I saw them in Louisville, but since they have opened here quite a number have been added to their *corps* of artists, making as fine a circus as ever delighted the rather fastidious amusement seekers of this city. The company now consists of Dr. J. L. Thayer, the genial and capital jester and business manager; Mr. C. W. Noyes, the well known equestrian manager, and the great New Orleans favorite of twenty years since; Mr. S. P. Stickney, master of the circle, whose appearance in the ring is always the signal for hearty applause. 'Old Sam Stickney,' as everybody calls him, has his family with him, Robert, Emma and Mast. Sammy. Robert Stickney is one of the greatest favorites I ever saw, and deservedly so, for his riding and his terrific backward and forward somersaulting has no equal in the profession. Emma Stickney is a very graceful, finished and pleasing rider, and Little Sam is daily proving that he is a 'chip of the old block.' Mr. and Mrs. Tom King, whose splendid stylish double acts always please; Mr. Jno. Saunders, equestrian and general performer; and Master Woodie Cook, Mr. Noyes' favorite pupil, are always received with great favor. The celebrated Donaldson Troupe, consisting of Frank Donaldson, the Miaco Brothers, Harry Bernard and Petite Angelo, who do the Zampillaerostation act very neatly, are with the company, and prove a great attraction. Mr. G. M. Kelley, the gymnast and leaper over twelve horses, and his confrere, Mr. C. Burrows, have proved themselves great favorites—their trapeze act is remarkably good. Mons. De Louis attracts great attention in his horizontal bar exercises, but much more by the wonderful performances of his trained dogs, Kate, Matt and Jennie. These dogs are as finished performers as can be found. One of them balances on his fore legs on the back of a chair, waltzes, pretends death, ascends a ladder backwards, and does many other surprising feats. Mons. De Louis and his dogs fairly share the unstinted applause of the audience with Mr. Noyes' great performing monkey, Sig. Victor, and Mr. Noyes' beautiful trained horse, Grey Eagle, jr., said to be the best trick horse now in any ring. Dr. Thayer's comic mules are as funny asinine comedians as ever nodded their long ears at any audience. I see by the bills that Mr. John Robinson, the great sensation bare-back equestrian, is underlined, and will shortly appear with his fine stud of horses."

GEO. H. METCALFE has made arrangements with a Mr. Finnegan to build a hippotheatron on Fifth street, St. Louis, to be ready by the 1st of February.

NIXON'S CIRCUS COMPANY—which met with so many mishaps as they sailed, as they sailed," and whose vessel, at late advices, had been towed into Pensacola—had finally reached New Orleans, in a crippled condition, and were announced to appear at the Academy of Music, in conjunction with Thayer & Noyes' troupe.

A CIRCUS SEASON commences at the New American Theatre, Philadelphia, Dec. 11, with the following company:—Mrs. Charles Warner, Joe Pentland, M'lle Marie, Mr. C. W. Fish, Mr. Reed, Conklin Brothers, J. L. Davenport and his boy Willie, Frank J. Howes, A. F. Aymer, J Glenroy, Robert Butler, Madame Howes, E. Derious, M'lle A. Wells, R. H. Hannan, J. Powers, M'lle Jenny Stone, M'lle M. Wells, Mons. Paul De Barry, and Herr Wheathoff. Mr. W. F. Wallet, who is now on his way from Europe, will shortly appear.

Negro Minstrelsy.

AL RUMSEY had a benefit tendered him by Cal. Wagner's Minstrels, at Newburgh, on the 8th inst. We have not learned the result. The troupe played to a large house at Po'keepsie on the 7th.

JOHNNY BOOKER'S Minstrels were announced to perform at Masonic Hall, Indianapolis, Ind., on the 11th and 12th.

BURNT CORK, all prepared and ready for the face, can be had of John Sivori, as will be seen by an advertisement in another column. It is a very useful article, and will save performers a great deal of trouble.

"THE CONEY ISLAND ROAD" is the name of a new afterpiece by W. H. Griffin, to be produced at Hooley's Minstrel Hall, in Brooklyn, this week. Tony Denier also appears as the "Great American Frog." J. T. Boyce and Johnny Allen have the ends in the first part, and J. A. Herman and George Clarence do the sentimental singing, while the olio business is reported as being ably with the corps of funny men, clog dancers, etc.

CROSS, FAY & MCALLISTER'S MINSTRELS—a new troupe, organized in Troy, N. Y.—gave their introductory performance at Rand's Hall, in that city, on the 7th inst. Billy McAllister and Jimmy Fay are on the ends. The instrumental music is said to be fair, and the gags all new (?). The following comprises the company:—Billy McAllister, Prof. Alder, C. P. Blake, J. C. Conroe, W. L. Wilson, Henry Moore, Frank Ripley, James Fay, H. De Forest, E. E. Jones, J. B. Griffin, J. K. Whitcomb, Harry Wildman, and J. H. Pierce, the whole under the direction of J. C. Cross.

RAYNOR'S CHRISTY'S Minstrels are billed for an appearance at the "Maryland Institute," Baltimore.

THE RAYNOR-CHRISTY MINSTRELS open in Baltimore on the 11th inst., for four nights. Paul Berger is to join the company there. On the 23d inst. this party open in Philadelphia for one ...

TO DANCE A JIG and play on "de ole banjo" are accomplishments worth acquiring, and Pat Dinon's the boy to show you how of it. See Pat's address in his advertisement.

NEWCOMB AND ARLINGTON'S MINSTRELS perform in Pottsville, on the 12th and 13th inst.

AN END MAN, one who is fully competent, is advertised for in this issue of the CLIPPER by Manager Hooley, for his Opera House in Brooklyn.

DUPREZ AND BENEDICT'S MINSTRELS amused the people of Newark and Trenton, N. J., last week, with their burlesque opera, &c. They were at Newark on the 5th, 6th and 7th, and Trenton 8th and 9th inst., and, report sayeth, they met with a hearty welcome.

BOOKER'S MINSTRELS were in Adrian, Mich., on the 25th and 26th Nov., on which occasion they were the recipients of a grand complimentary *dejeuner* given at the residence of the popular comedian, Johnny Booker, manager of the troupe. A correspondent says:—"At the conclusion of the performance a conveyance was procured by Mr. Booker, and the entire company were speedily driven to the beautiful rural retreat occupied by the minstrel manager, the cottage being built in the Gothic style of architecture, surrounded by beautiful shade trees, and numerous rustic seats and arm chairs, forming one of the loveliest spots owned by any minstrel manager. Nothing is wanted which taste, art, or nature can bestow or devise to make it more complete. The eatables and drinkables which Johnny always keeps in readiness for any of the profesh who chance that way were done ample justice to. Mirth and music kept us company until a late hour, when all departed for town highly delighted with an evening so pleasantly spent, and heartily wishing that all in the profession had been as thoughtful and considerate in securing for them such comfortable houses as has Mr. Booker. The services of O. P. Sweet, basso, have been secured by Mr. Booker for his minstrel organization. Booker's Minstrels are booked ahead as follows:—Michigan City, Dec. 4th; Laport, 5th and 6th; Fort Wayne, Dec. 7th; Lafayette, 8th and 9th; Indianapolis, 11th and 12th."

ON THANKSGIVING NIGHT, Duprez & Benedict's Minstrels played in Newark, N. J., to $635, and turned away nearly four hundred people in addition.

THE GEORGIA MINSTRELS, of which Messrs. Booker & Clayton are the proprietors, appear to be meeting with unqualified success, as will be seen by reading sundry extracts in their advertisement in another column. On December 18th, they are to give the modern Athenians an opportunity to witness genuine negro minstrelsy, and on January 15th they will appear before a New York audience. Their route for the present week is Pittsfield, Mass., Dec. 11th, Westfield 12th, Springfield 13th and 14th, Northampton 15th, and Worcester 16th.

NED TURNER is desirous of an engagement with a minstrel troupe or in a Music Hall. He is said to be a good general performer. See advertisement.

COTTON, MURPHY AND SMITH'S CALIFORNIA MINSTRELS appeared in New Haven, Conn., on the 9th inst., to a large house, although the weather was very inclement.

DUPREZ AND BENEDICT'S MINSTRELS' route ahead is as follows: Norwalk, Conn., 12th; Danbury, 13th; Waterbury, 14th; Hartford, 15th and 16th; Meriden, 18th; and New Haven 20th and ...

Music Halls.

BLANCHARD AND HIS DOGS are attracting great crowds at the Canterbury, Washington. Besides the drama presented each evening, the usual Ethiopian entertainments are given.

THE NEW CASINO, Baltimore, Md., has been prospering of late, we are informed, under the stage management of Jake Wood. The Empire boys, Willie and Johnnie, have seceded, and gone with the Skiff & Gaylord party. W. Gray, the Ethiopian, is now acting manager.

THE YORK, PA., MELODEON company was strengthened last week by the addition of Ida Lee, Miss Lou Evans and Harry Jefferson. J. S. Berry, comic vocalist, was also there, but expected to leave on the 9th inst.

MISS PENNOYER, the *danseuse*, met with a cordial reception at the Theatre Comique, Boston, Mass., on her first appearance there. Referring thereto, one of the Boston papers says: "Miss Pennoyer has won new laurels on her second visit to this city. Her beautiful and graceful dancing is one of the most attractive features of the performances at the Comique."

THE BROADWAY VARIETIES is the name of a place of amusement recently opened by Messrs. Chapin & Co., at Nashville, Tenn., and since their opening they have done a profitable business. The place is well fitted up, and is both neat and comfortable. Among the people performing there at last advices, were Clara Moulton, Lizzie Walker, Minnie Clarke, the Clare Sisters, Minnie Emmons, M'lle Cinderella, Tom Clanning, Johnny Cole, J. ...inell, A. F. Jones, Jesse Kennedy, Harrison, Clinetop, Geo. ...tney and A. Boulinger.

MISS FANNY GILMORE commenced an engagement at the Gaiety, Albany, N. Y., Dec. 4th, and met with decided success. Her singing is greatly admired.

...FORD HALL, Portsmouth, Va., is being fitted up, and will open this week with a variety company.

FOR THE READING, PA., THEATRE, talent is advertised for in this week's CLIPPER by Manager Osborne, to which we refer for particulars.

"...AMARADGAMAN" is the title of a new London burlesque produced at Deagle's Varieties, St Louis, on the 4th, introducing, for the first time in this country, Miss Grace Darley.

...N SHELBY was announced to open at the Palace Varieties, Cincinnati, on the 11th; also Mlle. Augusta Lamereaux.

THE VARIETIES, Chicago, was doing a good biz. with a drama ...ea with, Edwards and Clara Butler sustaining the leading characters, and various dances and songs to fill up the programme. Fattie Stuart does the "komick komickalities."

HARRY LESLIE, the rope walker, and Kate Pennoyer, *danseuse*, continue to be the principal attractions at the Theatre Comique, Boston.

THE VARIETIES, Detroit, is in operation with the following company:—Clark Gibbs, Add Weaver, Harry Clifford, the Whittony Brothers, Jenny Allen, Miss Freeberthyser and others. Master Harry Seymour put in an appearance last week.

EUGENE F. GORMAN and W. J. Jacobs having left the Varieties, Cleveland, are engaged at the Varieties, Memphis, Tenn.

Miscellaneous.

WHISTON, the humorist, in conjunction with Hubbard's tableaux of the Western World, put in three nights last week at Jackson Hall, Jackson, Michigan.

JAMES BREDE.—This gentleman, or anyone knowing his whereabouts, is desired to send his address to Mr. Raggett, as per advertisement in another column.

GEORGIE DEAN SPAULDING, the celebrated Harpist, connected with the Miltonian Tableaux of Paradise Lost, which has been attracting very large audiences to Concert Hall, Philadelphia, has been well received by the press and public of that city. The following notice of this lady is from the Philadelphia *Enquirer* of December 2d: "Miss Georgie Dean Spaulding, the eminent harpist and excellent vocalist, now performing at Concert Hall, is an *artiste* who deserves more than a passing notice. Our space will not permit an extended critique at present, but we have no hesitation in saying that Miss Spaulding is the finest harpist that ever visited this city, with, perhaps, the exception of the great Bochsa. Her execution is splendid, and her taste very superior. Her *forte* passages are marked by strength, confidence and brilliancy, and her *piano* touches are noted for delicacy and grace. We should not be surprised if Miss Spaulding's protracted stay with us would have the effect to revive a taste for harp playing on the part of our young ladies. Miss Spaulding performs the marvelous feat of playing two melodies at the same time on the harp, and while thus engaged singing a ballad. A brilliant professional career is before this young lady, and she has already attained an eviable reputation as a musical celebrity."

MECHANICS' HALL, Mattawan, near Fishkill, N. Y., and opposite Newburgh, is a commodious building for concerts, etc., and is surrounded by an amusement-patronizing population. It may be rented on application, as per advertisement in another column.

AT KALAMAZOO, Mich., they have an excellent hall for amusements, ranging from operas to lecturing, called Union Hall. It is well fitted up, and in addition to its excellent accommodations and neat appearance, it has a seating capacity of eighteen hundred. For the lessee's address, see Chase & Johnson's advertisement in another part of this paper.

UNION HALL, Jackson, Mich., has the repute of being one of the most complete and best adapted places for entertainments of any kind in that section of the country. It will be rented by the day or week. For further particulars, see advertisement in this and succeeding issues of the CLIPPER.

SULLIVAN'S HIBERNIAN BARDS.—This troupe seem to be creating a great excitement on their way West. Mr. Sullivan has evidently "struck ile." The Syracuse *Courier*, says:—"This fine troupe of Irish minstrels gave their second entertainment to a full house, at Wieting Hall, last evening, and all went away highly elated with the performance. The numerous jokes and witticisms, interspersed with colloquial hits on the times, kept the audience in a roar of laughter. 'Och, Pat be aisey' next time you come here, or we will have to get a few more stitches to fasten the buttons on our garments. Ready made clothing will stand a poor chance at one of these entertainments. This company go from here to Auburn, and we would hint to the people there to look out for fun; if they don't believe it, call out Joe English, in his incomparable song, styled 'Hits on the Times,' and if he don't 'bring the house,' we will send them our hat. Success to the Irish Bards."

JULIEN HALL, Dubuque, Iowa, has recently been put in the best condition for exhibitions, lectures, and minstrel and dramatic performances, by the proprietors, Messrs. Allison and Crane, and it can now be rented as per advertisement in another column.

MASTER WINTER RAVEL and the Infant Ravel, the latter only two and half years old, two of the best cards in the profession, can be engaged by first class companies. See the advertisement in another column.

NED AND CHARLIE STRAIGHT are at present managing a museum of live wonders at Hastings, Minn.

PROF. GENTHER'S MULTIPLEXAL TROUPE has been exhibiting in the towns of Ohio. On the 1st inst. it was at Hartford, Ohio. J. G. Truman is agent.

TWOMBLY AND GLEASON'S panorama was at Waterbury, Conn., on the 7th inst.

THE PHILADELPHIA MUSICAL ASSOCIATION were recently called together by their President in the following order:—"You are requested to attend a special meeting of the association, to be held on Tuesday, Nov. 21st, at 2 o'clock P. M., at the Hall, 9th and Callowhill streets, for the purpose of taking action on a communication received from New York, from the Executive Committee of the Musical Mutual Protective Union of that city. As every member will have to conform to the resolutions which may be offered or accepted at this meeting, a full attendance is expected and requested. By order of DR. WM. P. CUNNINGTON, President." At this meeting, we are informed, resolutions were offered to sustain the Musical Protective Union of New York in their recent strike, but the meeting declined to give their countenance to the movement, and a motion to table the resolutions was unanimously passed.

CORINTHIAN HALL.—There is probably no public hall in the United States more popular with traveling companies than Corinthian Hall, at Rochester, N. Y. Early last Spring, Mr. William A. Reynolds, the former owner, sold this property to Samuel Wilder, who proceeded immediately to carry into effect an idea which had often been advanced, namely, the enlargement of the stage, and of the conveniences for dressing. A large *corps* of workmen have been engaged for about three months, and the Hall was at last opened for public inspection on the 4th of the present month. Mr. Wilder has been to great expense in thus enlarging the Hall. The stage is 34½ feet deep by 47½ wide; the proscenium is 32 feet wide and 22 feet in height; the stage has a gradual slope of 3 8 of an inch to the foot. The arrangements for lighting the stage and auditorium are very complete, embracing every modern improvement. A new drop curtain, representing an Italian Lake and the remains of an ancient castle, painted by Gaspard Maeder, of Wallack's Theatre, is also a noticeable feature. The stage machinery and properties embrace the modern improvements, and are the work of Messrs. Weld and Boyson, of the Academy of Music, Boston. The dressing rooms, six in number, are large, well ventilated, and fitted with every convenience. The audience room, as enlarged, is capable of seating seventeen hundred people. The walls have been beautifully tinted and gilded, and the seats revarnished and newly cushioned with crimson damask. Mr. Wilder has retained the services of Mr. R. T. Fleming, a man known to every agent in the country. Thus writes our Rochester correspondent, "Percy."

THOSE who wish to become proficient in the art of playing the banjo, should make a note of John Sivori's card in another column. He is to be found at his headquarters on Broadway, near the Bryants'.

THE HIBERNIA BARDS gave two of their fine concerts in Corinthian Hall, Rochester, on the 6th and 7th; the houses were immense each evening, and the people seemed very well satisfied with the company. A correspondent says:—"Messrs Murphy and English both speak the brogue well, and Miss Hennessey sings finely. Mr. Tim Hayes and wife had the honor of being the first to trip the light fantastic toe on the new stage, and we think they did it in a very creditable manner. Mr. Hayes is one of the best 'cloggists' we ever saw. On the whole the troupe is very good, and worthy of the success it meets with."

THE SUNNY SOUTH is said to be not a very desirable field for the labors of professionals, unless they wish to have "all work and no pay." With nearly every one of the halls devoted to traveling exhibitions, the scenery and stages are said to be all torn up, and rendered useless by the late rebellion. Prof Searl is at present in Tennessee, and he says: "I shall probably do well, although expenses are terrible. I pay twenty-four dollars a day for an empty store, and not a stick in it. State, County and Corporation license is fifty-five dollars a day, and everything in proportion. Showmen designing a trip South had better stay where they are unless they have plenty of greenbacks."

HALL AND HAYWARD gave a concert in Greytown, Nicaragua, on November 30th.

ARTEMUS WARD is advertised to give four entertainments at Mozart Hall, Cincinnati, commencing on the 11th.

HELLER, who is reported as having done well in Chicago, St Louis and Cincinnati, commences a nine nights' stay in Detroit on the 14th inst., and opens in Philadelphia, at Concert Hall, Jan. 1st, for four weeks.

THE CASTLE & CAMPBELL PARTY have got together again, and are announced to give a concert in Brooklyn. In the troupe we find the names of Miss Zelda Harrison, Miss Jenny Dean, Messrs. S. C. Campbell, Wm. Castle, H. Sanderson and G. W. Morgan.

FRED. AND JEROME LUBIN, conjurors and manufacturers of magic apparatus, have started out on a brief traveling tour. They are to appear at Washington on the 11th, 12th, and 13th; Williamsburg, 15th and 16th; New Brunswick, 18th, 19th, and 20th; and for the Catholic Fair at Paterson, on the 25th and 26th. Performers in want of apparatus should make a note of the Lubin's "ad." in another column.

W. BEAUMONT DUHRING, the well known advance and business agent, may be addressed as per advertisement in another column.

PROPRIETORS of halls are requested to read an advertisement in this week's CLIPPER.

Foreign Dramatic and Show News.

J. H. ALLEN has been giving "readings" in Adelaide, South Australia.

"KING JOHN," which has been enjoying a "run" at Drury Lane Theatre, London, was withdrawn on Nov. 27th, and a new Irish comic drama by Falconer, called "Galway go Bragh; or, Love, Fun and Fighting," produced.

CHARLES MATTHEWS is playing "Used Up" and "Who Killed Cock Robin" at the Haymarket, London.

FECHTER and Agnes Elsworthy are the cards at the Lyceum, London.

THE PRINCESS' THEATRE, London, continues the run of "It is Never too Late to Mend."

AVONIA JONES appeared at the Theatre Royal, New Castle upon Tyne, Eng., on Nov. 21st, and was to remain twelve nights.

HENGLER'S CIRCUS opened in Liverpool, Eng., on Nov. 18th. Frank Pastor is with the company, and is said to have exhibited remarkable talent. Nothing seemed impossible to him. He placed himself with apparent unconcern in every possible position, made every sort of leap, turned somersaults over all kinds of objects, and while on horseback he capped all his other triumphs by doing so through a hoop, which was barely large enough to go over his body.

T. P. CAREY, the Irish vocalist, who came over to this country and was a complete failure, has returned to the old country and made his re-appearance at Britannia Hall, Glasgow, Scotland, on Nov. 6th.

AMUSEMENTS.

WINTER GARDEN.

This Establishment does not Advertise in the New York Herald.

LAST NIGHTS
LAST NIGHTS
LAST NIGHTS
OF
BOUCICAULT'S GREAT DRAMA
OF
THE OCTOROON.

MR. J. S. CLARKE, In his great character of SALEM SCUDDER.

A SPLENDID CAST.
New and beautiful scenery, including
THE PLANTATION OF TERREBONNE.
THE SLAVE SALE.
THE SHIP ON FIRE.
Seats may now be secured.

AMUSEMENTS.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.

Lessee and Manager............WM. WHEATLEY.
This Establishment does not Advertise in the New York Herald.
Doors open at 7¼; begins at a quarter to 8.
Eighteenth Night of the engagement of
EDWIN FORREST,
who will appear this
MONDAY EVENING, DEC 11, 1865,
for the first time this season, in his powerful impersonation of
SPARTACUS,
in Dr. Bird's American tragedy of the
GLADIATOR.

Messrs. J. C. McCullough, J. G. Burnett, J. W. Collier, J. Nunan, D. Ralton, J. W. Blaisdell, Danvers, Geo. Becks, Barry, Rendle, &c., Mrs. Farren, Agnes Perry, &c., &c., in the cast.
Tuesday (last time), THE GLADIATOR; Wednesday, ARRAH-NA-POGUE; Thursday, METAMORA; Friday, JACK CADE.
Mr. Wheatley announces the production, with Mr. Forrest, of
THE BROKER OF BOGOTA,
ON MONDAY AND TUESDAY, DEC. 18 AND 19,
for which occasion seats may now be secured.
Admission, 75 cents; Reserved Seats, $1; Family Circle, (entrance on Crosby street,) 30 cents.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

Sole Lessee and Manageress....MRS. JOHN WOOD.
Stage Manager........................J. H. SELWYN.
This Establishment does not Advertise in the New York Herald.
UNPRECEDENTED SUCCESS
of the great Romance, produced in a style of magnificence far surpassing any previous spectacular pageant at this establishment, with SCENERY ENTIRELY NEW, by HAYES, MUSIC by THOS BAKER, NOVEL AND WONDERFUL MECHANICAL EFFECTS, AND GEORGEOUS COSTUMES AND APPOINTMENTS.
A drama of Hope, Despair and Revenge, adapted expressly for the Olympic from the celebrated romance of Dumas, entitled
MONTE CRISTO; OR,
THE LONE PRISONER OF THE CHATEAU D'IF.
which will be presented
EVERY EVENING TILL FURTHER NOTICE,
introducing the eminent and favorite actor,
Mr. E. L. DAVENPORT.
During the piece a grand ballet, by the following artists:—M'lle Giuletta Bronner and Mons. Guiseppe Cardela.
Doors open at 7¼; curtain will rise at a ¼ to 8 precisely.
Seats secured three days in advance.

BROADWAY THEATRE.

CROWDED HOUSES FOR TEN WEEKS.
MONDAY, DEC. 11, AND FOLLOWING NIGHTS.
75TH NIGHT
75TH NIGHT
OF
F. S. CHANFRAU.........as.........SAM
In the original new comedy entitled
"SAM,"
MISS OLIVE LOGAN.........as.........LAURA
NEW SCENERY AND A SPLENDID CAST.
It is absolutely necessary, in order to avoid the crush at night, to
SECURE SEATS IN ADVANCE.
ELEVENTH MATINEE, SATURDAY.
Doors open at 1; begins at 1½; closes at 3½.
ADMISSION, FIFTY CENTS.

NEW BOWERY THEATRE.

Sole Lessee and Proprietor.....MR. J. W. LINGARD.
Stage Manager..........................N. B. CLARKE.
Treasurer.............................JAMES G CLUTE.
This Establishment does not Advertise in the New York Herald.
First nights of the
NEW NATIONAL DRAMA,
written expressly for this Theatre by John F. Poole,
GRANT'S CAMPAIGN; OR,
INCIDENTS OF THE GREAT REBELLION,
presented with all the adjuncts of
NEW SCENERY BY MR. W. WALLACK,
MACHINERY BY MR. McCONOCH,
COSTUMES BY MR. STANTON,
MUSIC selected and arranged by MR. B. DEANE.
A powerful distribution of characters, including Mr. Grisdale, Mrs. W. G Jones, George Brookes, Mr. G. W. Thompson, Mr. G. Lingard, Miss Annie Hyatt, Mr. Stanton.
DRAMA OF FALSE COLORS.
FARCE OF LEND ME FIVE SHILLINGS.
FRIDAY EVENING, BENEFIT OF MR. GEORGE BROOKES.

WOOD'S MINSTREL HALL,

514 BROADWAY, 514
Opposite St. Nicholas Hotel.
Proprietor, &c......................HENRY WOOD.
This Establishment does not Advertise in the New York Herald.
Second week of the Grand Allegorical Play
A FAIR FENIAN FIGHT FOR FREEDOM.
THE GREATEST HIT EVER MADE.
THE PUBLIC ARE DELIGHTED WITH IT.
THE PRESS UNANIMOUSLY INDORSE IT.
THE SCENERY MAGNIFICENT.
THE TABLEAUX GORGEOUS.
Every evening this week will be performed the Sensation Play entitled A FAIR FENIAN FIGHT FOR FREEDOM.
Scene 1.—Brother Jonathan's Yankee Notion Shop. Scene 2—A street in Jonathan's Village. Scene 3—Hall in John Bull's Mansion. Scene 4.—Pat's Cabin. Scene 5.—Grand Allegory, "The Shamrock."
Previous to the Play, Ethiopian Minstrelsy, &c., by
THE STAR TROUPE OF THE WORLD.

OUR FLAG STILL WAVES.

COMPETITION AND IMITATION
OUTDONE
BY
BROOKER AND CLAYTON'S
GEORGIA MINSTRELS.
THE ONLY
SIMON PURE MINSTREL TROUPE
IN THE WORLD.
EVERYTHING NEW AND ORIGINAL.
CROWDED HOUSES
GREET THEM NIGHTLY IN THEIR GRAND
SOIREES DE ETHIOPE.
A WARNING BLAST.
[From the Albany Express of Dec. 9th.]
BROOKER AND CLAYTON'S MINSTRELS.—This excellent troupe—composed of real simon pure negroes, who were liberated from slavery during the late war—gave their first entertainment in this city last evening, to a large and well-pleased audience. The praise they have received from the press of other cities is well deserved, as their performance is first rate, and excelled by few, if any, of the burnt cork bands. We would advise all who wish to hear good singing and enjoy genuine negro wit and humor, to go to Tweddle Hall this evening, and they will not be disappointed.
[From the Knickerbocker, Dec. 9th.]
LAST NIGHT.—To-night is the last of the genuine negro minstrel troupe. They drew a large house last evening. Their entertainment is truly a novel one, possessing many features that are not to be found in other troupes. Being genuine negroes, they indulge in reality. They are worth seeing, and all who can should attend.
Open in
BOSTON, On Dec. 18th.
NEW YORK CITY, On Jan. 15th.
THOMAS, CLAYTON AND HICKS,
Proprietors.
CHAS. B. HICKS, Manager.
W. WHETMORE, Treasurer.
W. H. LEE, Business Agent.
36 1t* G. W. SIMPSON, Advertising Agent.

THE ENTERPRISE OF THE 19th CENTURY.

A FORTUNE IN OIL.
A CHANCE TO GROW RICH BY INVESTING
ONE DOLLAR,
PURCHASING EVEN A SINGLE SHARE
In the
NEW YORK PETROLEUM PRIZE COMPANY,
No. 581 BROADWAY,
Opposite the Metropolitan Hotel.
The Managers of this Solid and Permanent Institution, founded on a
BASIS OF $125,000,
With
$20,000 WORKING CAPITAL,
And owning a
VALUABLE OIL TRACT!
Situated near Parkersburg, Athens County, Ohio,
OFFER TO THE PEOPLE EXTRAORDINARY FACILITIES FOR MAKING A SAFE INVESTMENT AND GETTING, AS A BONUS UPON EVERY SHARE BOUGHT, A VALUABLE PRESENT.
THE NEW YORK PETROLEUM PRIZE COMPANY have at their command a superior stock of Gold and Silver Wares, etc., manufactured expressly to enable the Managers to bestow a Valuable Present to each and every Shareholder. On
TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY, DEC. 12 AND 13,
the Salesrooms, No. 581 Broadway, will be opened for inspection.
ON THURSDAY MORNING,
at 9 o'clock, the sale of shares will begin, and the Presents will be made immediately upon the purchase of the shares.
SALESROOM OPEN FROM 9 A. M. TO 9 P. M.
REMEMBER THE NEW YORK PETROLEUM PRIZE CO. is at
581 BROADWAY,
SHARES ONE DOLLAR.
A PRESENT WITH EVERY SHARE 36

"ENDORSED BY THE PRESS

FROM MAINE TO OREGON."
WILLIAM HAYWARD,
BALLADIST AND HUMORIST,
HAS ARRIVED
FROM CALIFORNIA.
LETTERS may be addressed care "Journal" office, Boston, Mass.
36 tf FRANK RUSSELL, Agent.

"YANKEE" ROBINSON.

(FAYETTE LODEVICK ROBINSON), the eminent YANKEE COMEDIAN, with a repertoire of meritorious Dramas, Farces, &c., unparalleled in this specialty; with bills in colors, large and small, and magnificent lithographs (after drawings from actual representation), will be pleased to negotiate for six or twelve nights. 36 tf

$3000 WILL BE PAID for an ORIGINAL "YANKEE"

DRAMA, that will insure success. Address "YANKEE" ROBINSON, 12 and 14 Spruce street, N. Y. 36 1t

THEATRE, Milwaukee, Wis.

Lessee and Manager..............................T. E. MILLS.
A complete success with good company.
FIRST CLASS STARS AND FIRST CLASS ONLY.
35-3m* Please address T. E. MILLS.

AMUSEMENTS.

BARNUM'S NEW AMERICAN MUSEUM,

BROADWAY, BETWEEN SPRING AND PRINCE STREETS.
This Establishment does not Advertise in the New York Herald.
AFTERNOON AT 3. EVENING AT 7½.
The best
CIRCUS TROUPE,
With the best
THOROUGHBRED HORSES,
Embracing the
BEST STARS IN THE PROFESSION.
MR. EATON STONE,
The best BAREBACK RIDER in the World,
Outrivaling all Competitors.
MR. CHARLES SHERWOOD,
the best Eccentric Equestrian.
MADAME VIRGINIA,
the best Bareback Equestrienne.
MR. JOHN FOSTER,
the best Clown.
MISS AMELIA,
the best Vocalist.
PROF. LANGWORTHY,
the best "Master of the Circle."
MASTER CHARLES SHERWOOD, Jr.,
The best Boy performer, with the addition of the
BEST CORPS OF AUXILIARIES,
appear in the best and most daring acts in the
BEST ARENA IN THE WORLD.
Previous to the Circus, the great drama of
MICHAEL ERLE;
Or,
THE FAIR LASS OF LITCHFIELD,
By the
BEST DRAMATIC COMPANY.
W. B. HARRISON, best Extemporaneous Singer.
THE BEST CURIOSITIES EVER EXHIBITED.
MAJOR COLVIN,
Aged 11, 19 in. high, and weighing only 12 lbs.,
The best and Smallest Dwarf Ever Exhibited.
GEN. GRANT, Jr., aged 14, 23 in. high, 18 lbs.
THE MINIATURE LADY, MISS LIZZIE READ.
THREE OF THE TALLEST GIANTS IN THE WORLD,
And prettiest CIRCASSIAN GIRLS ever seen
THE BEST GLASS BLOWERS.
Ever before the public. They exhibit
TWO STEAM GLASS ENGINES IN MOTION.
Mr. JOHN BATTERSLY, LIVING SKELETON, weighing 67 lbs.
His Wife, MAMMOTH FAT WOMAN, nearly 700 lbs.
THE BEST LIVING CONTRAST EVER SEEN.
THREE-HORNED BULL. AN ALBINO BOY.
The best Cosmoramas, Stereoscopticons, Learned Seal, Happy Family, Grand Aquaria, and 100,000 Curiosities.
Admission, 30 cents; children under ten, 15 cents.

NEW YORK CIRCUS.

FOURTEENTH STREET,
Between Third and Fourth avenues, opposite Academy of Music.
L. B. LENT...................................Manager.
This Establishment does not Advertise in the New York Herald.
THE GREATEST SENSATION
known in the annals of Equestrian Amusements is that created by the novel and unprecedented feats of
MR. JAMES ROBINSON,
CHAMPION RIDER OF THE WORLD,
who will appear at each representation of the
NEW YORK CIRCUS,
in conjunction with the
LARGEST AND BEST TROUPE OF
EQUESTRIANS, GYMNASTS AND ACROBATS
ever brought together on this side of the Atlantic.
PERFORMANCE EVERY NIGHT AT 8.
MATINEES! MATINEES!
MATINEES! MATINEES!
WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY AT 2½.

SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS.

585 BROADWAY. COMMENCING AT ¼ TO 8.
THE PUBLIC VOICE PROCLAIMS THIS THE BAND OF THE WORLD.
BIRCH, WAMBOLD, BERNARD & BACKUS'
SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS.
BILLY BIRCH'S Police Court Scene.
L'Africaine, or Gambrinus' Opera of Lager Beer, by
WAMBOLD, RICE and BERNARD.
CHARLEY BACKUS' Living Pictures of Great Artists.
Startling Effects of Kehoe's Clubs. Triple Clog Pedalitz.
Andy Johnson's Proclamation. 36-1t*

UNION HALL,

JACKSON, MICHIGAN.
Located in the centre of the city, is the
FINEST AND MOST COMPLETE
IN ALL ITS APPOINTMENTS
of any in the country.
This Hall,
BUILT REGARDLESS OF EXPENSE,
is finely Frescoed, lighted with Gas, has Stage, Scenery, Foot and Border Lights.
Ample Dressing Room accommodations adjoining the Stage.
Is the best adapted for
CONCERTS,
LECTURES,
MINSTREL and
DRAMATIC
PERFORMANCES
of any in the West.
Will be rented by the Day or Week on liberal terms. Stage 36 by 60; Auditorium, 60 by 94. Seated with settees for 1,200. Acoustics perfect. 36

JAMES BREDE.

Should this meet the eye of JAMES BREDE, who formerly resided at No. 12 Webb street, Boro', London, England, and who about 20 years since is supposed to have married and settled in Mobile, Ala., he, or any of his family are requested to communicate with HENRY RAGGETT,
21 Edinboro street,
36-1t Boston, Mass.

WANTED.

A FIRST CLASS END MAN,
For
HOOLEY'S MINSTRELS, BROOKLYN.
None but a first class artist need apply. 36-tf

MECHANICS' HALL,

MATTEAWAN, FISHKILL,
Opposite Newburgh, N. Y., with stage, dressing rooms and drop curtain, to rent for concerts, lectures, panoramas, minstrels, etc.
36-3m* JOHN F. GEROW.

UNION HALL, Kalamazoo, Michigan.

Well suited for OPERA, THEATRICAL, MINSTRELS, LECTURES, etc. Fitted with dressing rooms, and every necessary appurtenance. Seats 1,800 people. Address
36 3m. CHASE & JOHNSON, Kalamazoo.

TO THE PROFESSION.

The INFANT RAVEL, not quite three years old, and acknowledged to be one of the best
SPANISH DANSEUSES
on the American Stage, and
MASTER WINTER RAVEL,
also a good SOLO DANCER, can be engaged with any first-class Manager, either in a permanent Theatre or for a respectable Traveling Company. They are two of the best cards in the Profession. Address Mrs. WINTER, 146 E. Houston st., N.Y. [36-1t*

BROADWAY VARIETIES, Nashville, Tenn.

CHAPIN & CO...Proprietors
FRANK BOSWORTH...................Acting and Stage Manager
First class artists wanted immediately. Salaries sure. Also wanted, two or three attractive Walter Girls; those who thoroughly understand how to conduct themselves. To such very liberal salaries will be paid. Apply as above, to
36-13t* CHAPIN & CO., Proprietors.

JULIEN HALL,

DUBUQUE, IOWA,
Having recently been entirely refitted, is now the finest and best adapted Hall in town for Concerts, Lectures, Minstrel and Dramatic Performances. For rent at fair rates by the proprietors.
36 3m ALLISON & CRANE.

TADINI. TADINI. TADINI.

MADEMOISELLE TADINI,
The celebrated NEAPOLITAN PIANIST, who has created such a sensation in Europe, will shortly arrive in this country from England. 36 3t

TO MANAGERS.

On account of bad health I will dispose of one-half interest in the Rochester Opera House to a competent person. This place has been thoroughly fitted up at an expense of $5,000. It is in perfect order, and has done and is doing the best business of any Provincial Theatre in York State. Address immediately,
BRIGHAM BISHOP,
Lessee and Manager,
35-3t Rochester, N. Y.

A CARD OF THANKS.

W. J. THOMPSON
Tenders his sincere and heartfelt thanks to Mr. GEORGE O'HARA, Manager of the Oil City (Pa.) Theatre, for volunteering to play at his benefit, and for bringing his Band of Twelve pieces from Oil City to Franklin on the occasion of his late benefit. After playing in front of the Theatre they were handsomely entertained at Briggs' National Hotel, and then returned to Oil City.
W. J. THOMPSON,
36-1t* Franklin Theatre, Pa.

THEATRICAL HOSIERY,

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CONSISTING OF TWENTY-THREE ARTISTS,
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all under the supervision of the inimitable
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Without an equal on the American Stage; is now making a most successful Starring tour through this country under the
MANAGEMENT OF B. F. WHITMAN, ESQ.,
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SPECIAL NOTICE!
As an answer to many correspondents, Manager WHITMAN announces the following engagements of the above talented artiste for the dramatic season of 1865, '66. Cincinnati, two weeks; Louisville, two weeks; Nashville, two weeks; Lexington, two weeks; Columbus, three weeks; Zanesville, three nights; Meadville, two weeks; Oil City, one week; Cleveland, two weeks; Buffalo, two weeks; Rochester, two weeks; Boston, two weeks; Troy, two weeks; Dayton, one week; New Orleans, two weeks; Indianapolis, two weeks; Pittsburgh, two weeks; Baltimore, two weeks; Detroit, two weeks.
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B. F. WHITMAN, Theatrical Manager,
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BRASS BAND.
The only Simon-pure Negro Troupe in the World.
Read the opinions of the press:
"THE GEORGIA MINSTRELS, composed of genuine plantation darkies from the South, gave their first concert in this city last evening at Rand's Hall, where they will also give another concert this evening. These minstrels are great delineators of genuine darkey life in the South, introducing the peculiar music and characteristics of plantation life. It is one of the best Ethiopian concert troupes which ever visited Troy."—*Troy Whig, Dec. 2, '65.*
Will appear at Tweddle Hall, ALBANY, on Dec. 8th and 9th.
THOMAS CLAYTON HICKS,
Proprietor.
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GEMS OF ERIN
and
WIT, HUMOR, PATHOS, MELODY AND POETRY OF OLD IRELAND,
Will commence their first annual Tour at Troy, N. Y., on Saturday evening, Nov. 18, 1865, and will during the winter visit the principal cities of the Union.
Attention is called to the following array of talent:

JOE ENGLISH,	JOHN MURPHY,
MR. AND MRS. TIM HAYES,	MISS MAGGIE McGUIRE,
E. HARRISON,	MISS KATE HENNESEY,
H. K. PATTEN,	J. A. RICHARDS,
J. P. GUNN,	J. CONNOR,
M. E. DUNDON,	ED. O'NEIL,
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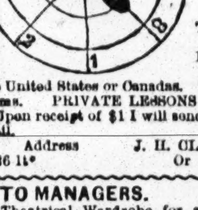

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Ladies and Gentlemen engaged at this Theatre will please assemble for rehearsal
AT MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL & TROWBRIDGE'S
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Thursday morning, Dec. 21st, at 11 A. M.
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Manager..FRED. AIMS.
Stage Manager.............................GEO. R. EDESON.
NOW OPEN FOR THE SEASON WITH A FIRST CLASS VARIETY COMPANY.
FIRST CLASS TALENT IN ALL BRANCHES
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CARD TO MANAGERS.—SAMUEL COLVILLE begs

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"Ten Nights in a Bar Room," "Lost Heir," "One Eyed Sam," "Fantine;" also, the "Gambler," "Charlotte Temple," and many others. C. WILKINSON, Stage Manager, Athenaeum, Detroit, Mich. 35-2t*

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Communications to insure attention in the issue for that week, should reach us by Monday morning, at latest, or Saturday, if possible, and invariably be addressed to

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Under the direction of the popular comedian,
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Those exhibitions which have for so long a time
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Which are now
FILLING EUROPE WITH WONDER AND AMAZEMENT,
Witnessed by all
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FULLY AND SATISFACTORILY EXPLAINED
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Forming one of the
MOST INTERESTING EXHIBITIONS
EVER SET BEFORE
THE PUBLIC.
All the
FEATS PERFORMED BY THE
DAVENPORT BROTHERS
IN THEIR CABINET
Will be performed
BY MR. FAY,
IN A CABINET OF THE SAME PATTERN
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Their great FLOUR TEST,
SHOWING OF SPIRIT HANDS, AND PLAYING
ON A NUMBER OF MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS WHILE
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Being tied and untied in an incredibly short space of time.
GREAT "COAT AND RING TESTS."

In fact, all the feats that have ever been produced by Physical Mediums, will be performed with a dexterity and adroitness only to be attained by

LONG AND CONTINUED PRACTICE.
After this performance,
MR. FAY
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IN BRIGHT GAS LIGHT,
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Will be held
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THE MOST ATTRACTIVE AMUSEMENT TRAVELING.
The three smallest human beings in existence.
COMMODORE FOOTE,
The smallest man in the world; the wonderful little comedian, actor and dancer.
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The whole world is challenged, in the sum of Fifty Thousand Dollars, to produce the equal of Commodore Foote and Sister, in weight, size and education.

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The great female character dancer.
In combination with the above mammoth array of curiosity and talent, is the Old Original
CONTINENTAL QUARTETTE.
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A. W. WOODWARD,
MASTER ZACH, the Musical Prodigy,
MASTER WILLIE, the Youthful Comedian.

This Troupe will appear in Paterson, N. J., Dec 7th, 8th and 9th; Newburgh, Dec. 11th, 12th and 13th; Poughkeepsie, 14th, 15th and 16th; Cohoes, 18th; Troy, 19th, 20th and 21st; Albany, 22d, 23d and 25th; Hudson, 26th and 27th; Pittsfield, 28th; Springfield, 29th and 30th; Chicopee, Jan. 1st; Northampton, 2d and 3d; Westfield, 4th; Worcester, 5th and 6th; and open at the Tremont Temple, Boston, 8th.

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JOHNNY BOOKER'S
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Have Reorganized, composed of
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One of the Oldest and Best Bands ever organized, consisting of TWENTY UNDOUBTED STARS, the elite of VOCALISTS, MUSICIANS and ETHIOPIAN COMEDIANS, who will have the honor of appearing in all of the principal cities, with a SPICY and ORIGINAL MUSICAL MELANGE, of which due notice will be given.

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THE BUCKLEYS have rented their Beautiful Hall to
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during their absence of TEN WEEKS. 34-tf

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A Lady who is up in the part of
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For the Syracuse Theatre. Season to commence
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WRIGHT & CO.......................................Proprietors
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TENOR, an "A No. 1" PIANIST wanted for a first class traveling
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Those playing instruments preferred. Address, stating terms, time and particulars,
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NEW RICHMOND THEATRE.

28TH NOVEMBER, 1865.

As I am about retiring from the Profession for the present, and desire temporarily to relieve myself of the anxieties of management, I beg leave to give notice that this Theatre has been leased to Mr. SAMUEL GLENN, of the Norfolk and Petersburg Theatres.

35 R. D. OGDEN.

AMUSEMENTS.

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CORNER OF COURT AND REMSEN STREETS, BROOKLYN,
Is now open for the season with
A GREAT STAR COMBINATION OF
MINSTRELS AND PANTOMIMISTS.
THE MOST COMFORTABLE AND FINEST HALL
IN AMERICA.
The Company comprises TWENTY-FIVE UNEQUALLED PERFORMERS, selected from the first ranks of the Profession.
First class talent can address
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For traveling companies, and have on hand a large and splendid assortment of large and small
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HEADED BY THE PIONEERS OF MINSTRELSY,
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TWO GREATEST COMEDIANS OF A CENTURY,
NEWCOMB AND ARLINGTON,

Who appear nightly upon the stage in their merriest and best characters, in connection with their mammoth corps of Vocalists, Instrumentalists, Dancers and Comedians.

N. B.—We, the undersigned, are reported by a PARCEL of ENVIOUS and JEALOUS SET OF TRAVELING MUSHROOMS, as not appearing upon the stage. We beg to differ. We are on hand nightly to the discharge of our duties to the best of our abilities. The Troupe as now organized,

STANDS SECOND TO NONE IN THE WORLD,
WITH A BETTER STRING BAND,
BETTER BRASS BAND,
BETTER VOCALISTS,
BETTER DANCERS,
BETTER COMEDIANS,
AND MORE OF THEM.
In all,
WE STAND IN DEFIANCE.

The Troupe are now returning East, with an entire new repertoire of Novelties (not yet captured by the Traveling Pirates, and peddled out as original with themselves.)

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WM. ARLINGTON,
Proprietors.
33-12t* CHAS. S. WOOD, Agent.

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NOW RETURNING EAST
WITH THEIR JOINT COMPANIES,
Which now possess the greatest amount of Comic Genius, Musical Talent and Terpsichorean Artists that has ever been brought together in one organization.
READ FOR YOURSELVES.
SELF PRAISE NO RECOMMENDATION.
A VOICE FROM PITTSBURGH.

"Newcomb & Arlington's Minstrels opened at Masonic Hall to a jammed house, and carried everything by storm, as it is decidedly the best troupe that has been here for years. It does not rely on one or two men to make the troupe, but has five or six, such as Arlington, Newcomb, Frank Pell, F. Fleury, Frank Wood, and several others—all first class performers. Arlington's banjo solo was received with a perfect ovation of applause, as was his every act. None are more deserving, as I consider him an original package of wit and humor. Mr. Fleury is with this troupe, doing his Coquette Regret, etc. The singing is good, decidedly, and the jokes new. So now, I think I have given an outline of the merits of this troupe, and I will let the reader imagine the rest, and should they ever come your way, go and see them by all means. Of course Newcomb is so well-known that he needs no comment of mine."

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"Newcomb and Arlington, the two leading spirits of minstrelsy, took prominent parts in the entertainment." 34-4t

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The public are respectfully informed that
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will appear in his very popular
COMIC ILLUSTRATED MORMON SPECIALITY
in the chief cities of the United States, prior to his departure for England.
It is believed that the
SUCCESS OF THIS ENTERTAINMENT
is
WHOLLY UNPRECEDENTED
in the history of genteel amusements in either hemisphere. 26 tf

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444 BROADWAY.
Manager and Proprietor.................ROBERT W. BUTLER
SIXTH ANNUAL SEASON
Of
BUTLER'S GREAT TROUPE.
Whose success has never been equalled.
OPENING NIGHT,
THURSDAY, AUG. 17, 1865,
Of this favorite establishment, with a splendid company of new and old favorites, by which
NOVELTIES WILL BE PRODUCED IN
35-tf RAPID SUCCESSION.

NOTICE.

TO MANAGERS AND ARTISTS.

I desire to state that I shall be absent from home during the greater part of the Winter. Any parties wishing to negotiate for any of Mr. JOHN BROUGHAM'S pieces will please address the subscriber (at the Walnut street Theatre, Philadelphia, for four weeks,) or Mr. A. T. LEVERE, at my residence,

T. E. MORRIS,
77 West Tenth street,
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Now open with the following Company:

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MR. JOE WOODS,	ANNIE LEE,
MONS. MORICI NAVONI,	NELLIE HUNTLEY,
MR. NUNAN,	MAGGIE WILLETT,
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Artists of ability desiring profitable engagements can procure them by addressing

RHODES & PULLMAN,
Proprietors, Titusville, or
JOE WOODS,
30-3m* Stage Manager.

CHILDS' HALL,

PAINESVILLE, OHIO.
ASA CHILDS...Proprietor
Universally admired, is furnished with a large stage, and is lighted with gas.
Will seat 500 persons. Terms reasonable. 33-3m*

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LEON DE BERGER ....Lessee and Manager
This New Theatre will open for the Winter Season with a first class Dramatic Company, Thursday evening, Nov. 16th, 1865. Stars of acknowledged ability may address
LEON DE BERGER, Manager,
33-3m Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

INDIANA STATE MUSEUM,

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Between Delaware and Pennsylvania streets, on Washington.
MADAME ENGLISH....................Proprietress
GEO. W. FROST.............................Manager
N. B.—Good cards wanted and correspondence requested. 33-4t

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SELAK & SMITH.......................................Proprietors
J. S. BERRY.......................................Stage Manager
This popular place of amusement is now open for the Winter Season.
WANTED—Talent in every branch of the Concert Hall business. Also, Ballet Girls capable of doing Solo Dances; Banjo Player, and Song and Dance Man. Address, stating salary,
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for this lady to be addressed care of
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Can be engaged with or without her trained horse. 33-tf

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Opposite Spring street.
OPEN EVERY NIGHT AND SATURDAY AFTERNOON.
THE GREAT FAMILY RESORT,
THE MODEL TEMPLE OF AMUSEMENT.
LARGE AND COMPLETE COMPANY,
under the direction of the renowned
TONY PASTOR,
greeted nightly by crowded and fashionable audiences.
GOOD ENGAGEMENTS ALWAYS OPEN FOR
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